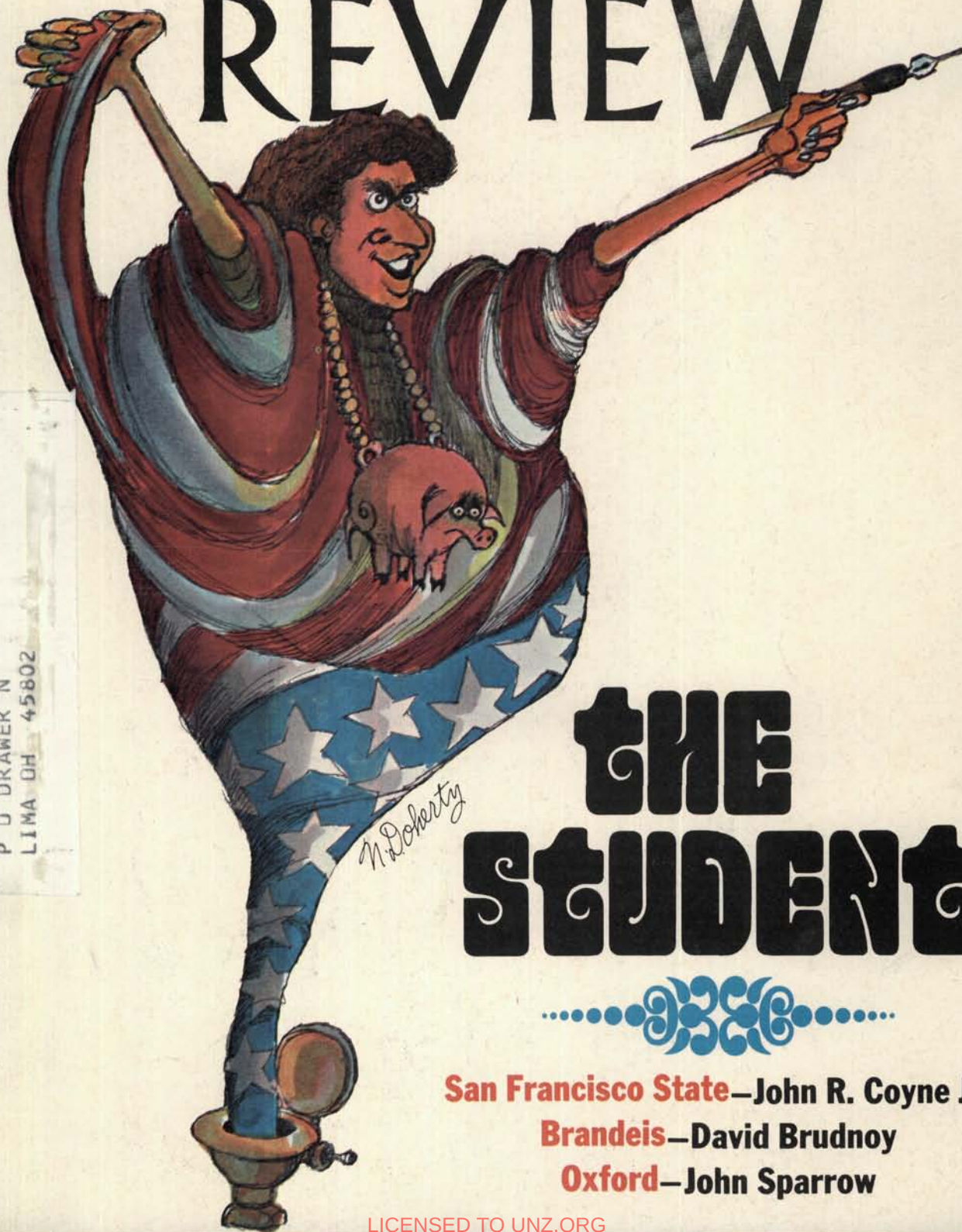


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—An Editorial

NATIONAL REVIEW



the STUDENT



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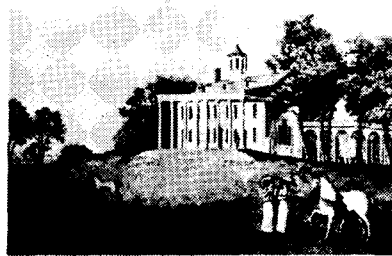


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Elizabeth Fauntleroy: the girl who got away

Benjamin Franklin: apostle of common sense, he hit it off with Washington

Samuel Fraunces: the Negro who gave Washington some of the best fetes of his life

Half King: George's Indian friend

Alexander Hamilton: young genius whose contributions still remain undervalued

Patrick Henry: he could speak faster than he could think

Gen. Henry Knox: perhaps Washington's best general, yet curiously almost forgotten

Lafayette: just a boy, with all the arrogance of youth, but mon Dieu, what a fighter!

Talleyrand: the wily prelate-politician who always landed on the right foot, no matter who was in power

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Mary Ball Washington: never to earn a son's love

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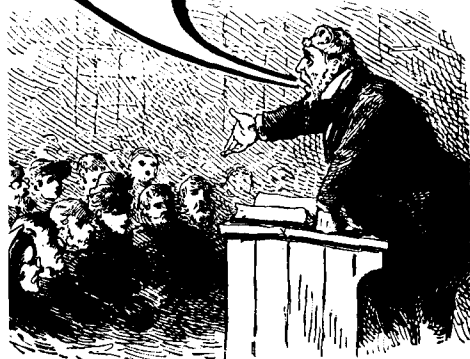
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156 The Week

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

- 152 Letters
- 154 For the Record
- 165 The Third World War by James Burnham
- 166 Cracks in the Coalition by John R. Coyne Jr.
- 168 Prophet of the Year Contest
- 172 Doves v. Hawks on Campus by David Brudnoy
- 175 Revolting Students by John Sparrow
- 180 Principles and Heresies by Frank S. Meyer
- 188 Delectations by Nika Standen Hazelton
- 192 On the Right by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
- 194 Trans-O-Gram

181 BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

Hiram Catton reviews Leo Strauss's *Liberalism, Ancient and Modern* □ George Fielding Eliot on John Eisenhower's *The Bitter Woods* □ Richard E. Kim's *The Innocent*, reviewed by Christopher Nichols □ Jeffrey Hart on Henry Paolucci's *War, Peace, and the Presidency* □ P. P. Witonski on Margaret Aston □ and Richmond Crinkley on *Hadrian VII*

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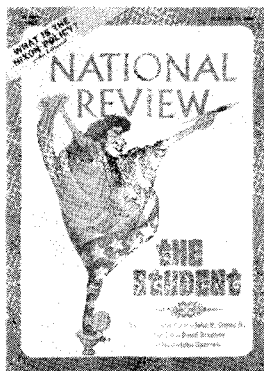
IN THIS ISSUE



■ How fare those winds of change at Oxford these days? Well, so far the initials JCR still stand for Junior Common Room, not *Jeunesse Communiste Révolutionnaire*, but student cadres are on the march and no one expects those dreaming spires to go unmolested for long. As **John Sparrow** sizes up the situation, tradition has every chance of winning out in the end, and for reasons that beleaguered American college authorities may well ponder as they try to reconstruct higher education in the post-war period. John Sparrow, the Warden of All Souls' College, is renowned for his polemical writings in *Encounter*, the *Times Literary Supplement* and other leading journals of opinion. . . . Meanwhile, back at the quadrangle: the revolutionary bastions at San Francisco State College are crumbling, and this is a blow of no small proportions, to the New Left. **John R. Coyne Jr.**, who has steadily reported on the situation in these pages, moves to New York this week to join the *NR* staff. We welcome him and also the latest addition to the Coyne family, born January 24. (That's three girls, one boy.). . . . **David Brudnoy**, our man at strife-torn Brandeis, interviews the leading combatants, who range from John P. Roche and Max Lerner on the Right all the way Left to those who think that if Philip Rahv can teach without a degree so can Eldridge Cleaver. . . . **Frank Meyer** answers Kenneth Melvin and **James Burnham** discusses Spheres of Influence—theirs and Theirs.

■ An important new book by Professor Leo Strauss of the University of Chicago is central to an understanding of what lies behind the student revolt. Mass education has sponsored a "bland enlightenment," in the words of lead book reviewer **Hiram Caton**—"the substance of [which] is that science justly claims universal assent, whereas all 'values' are relative to individual choice. In its effects this relativism is like a crippling disease. It renders students incapable of thinking about the great questions of life because they have been taught to believe that in this domain there is nothing to be known and all is choice. They are reduced to a kind of mindlessness that manifests itself in docile compliance or impulsive rebellion. And not only the students." Etc. . . . All the books this week are good books: an Eisenhower's account of the Battle of the Bulge, a novel by a South Korean patriot, a new look at fifteenth-century Europe, and—by *NR* contributor Henry Paolucci—a powerful philosophical defense of nationalism. **Richmond Crinkley** even discovers a good play, with a great performance.

■ And attention all Prophets of the Year and Prophet-watchers: the 1969 contest is announced on p. 168.



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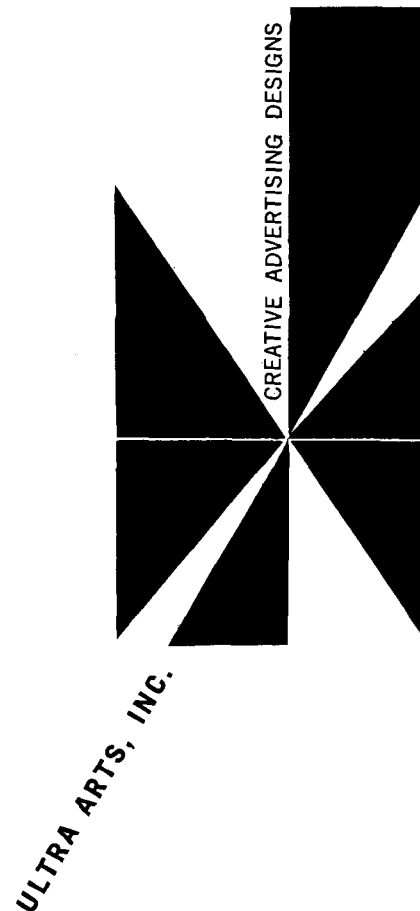
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LETTERS

Only He Didn't Think of It

You puzzle me. You didn't like Johnson and the Democrats one little bit, but when Nixon comes in you begin by denigrating his inaugural address. Can't you give the man a chance? I resent the words, "hopeless banality," "routine stuff" and "syco-phantic praise."

Baltimore, Md.

MRS. JOHN T. KING JR.

Mr. Nixon had plenty of time to ask us to write his speech.

—ED.

The Young Sound

As much as I hate to jar with my good friend, Tony Dolan, whose talent is second only to Segovia and/or Hendrix, I thought his article "Grooving with WABC" (NR Feb. 11) was right in sentiment but wrong in analysis. As a connoisseur of both Beethoven and the Beatles, with emphasis on Simon & Garfunkel, I have come to loathe both WABC and WMCA for their incessant devotion to jungle music. (If I hear them play "Yummy, Yummy, Yummy, I've Got Love in My Tummy" one more time, I'll shave off my sideburns.) Tony rightly states the textual affirmos of "MacArthur Park," "Mrs. Robinson," and Simon & Garfunkel's "America" (which is the closest to a sonata-allegro one can find in contemporary rock), but he is inaccurate in pointing to AM radio as the renaissance in young listening.

Maybe my avid political conservatism has affected my arts temperament, but I am looking forward to the day when both John Lindsay and "Yummy, Tummy" music have been replaced by Bill Buckley and Tony Dolan, respectively.

Flushing, N.Y.

RON DOCKSAI

Concerning "Grooving with WABC" (Feb. 11). Mr. Dolan quotes Rick Sklar to the effect that the top singles of the past year emphasized lyrics and also were not hard rock. While this is true for single records, which are bought largely by eleven-year-old girls, it is not true for albums. Those radio stations which program albums, so-called underground stations—WNEW-FM in New York, WOPA-FM in Chicago, WHFS-FM in Washington, D.C.—play predominantly hard rock. Also hard rock albums sell much better than any other type of popular music.

Washington, D.C.

DAVID S. NEWBERGER

Melvin on Welfarism

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Your first record is *free*, if you join now and pay the modest \$2.50 *lifetime* enrollment fee. And you can select your free record *now* from the best-selling records shown on this page, or you can pick any other record currently available in the United States.

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\$1.79 through \$1.98		\$1.19
2.49 through 2.78		1.66
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(Certain hard-to-get records somewhat higher)

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*In some areas, records may be purchased at below manufacturers' suggested list prices.

CHOOSE A RECORD FREE—NOW!

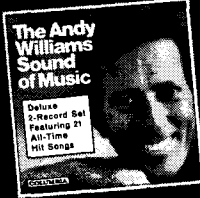
Take any one of these hit albums — or any other record you want!



7085



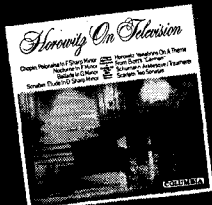
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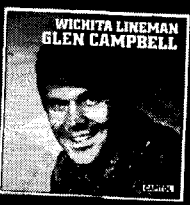
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95420



6550



95414



6898



7186

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Also send me a copy of the current Records Unlimited buying guide. I understand that enrollment includes no obligation to purchase any records at any time, but I can order the records I want at Records Unlimited discount prices and charge them to my account.

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620-5/T3

FOR THE RECORD

■ Re-election of I. W. Abel as Steelworkers president important on number of counts. 1) It means Abel is in line to succeed **George Meany** as head of AFL-CIO, 2) It means the Steelworkers will not split away from parent organization and join **Walter Reuther's** and **Jimmy Hoffa's** Alliance for Labor Action (ALA) which is what insurgent candidate **Emil Narick** had hinted, and 3) it indicates backlash vote is not as big among steelworkers as thought. Abel had campaigned for **Carl Stokes** and **Richard Hatcher**, the Negro mayors of Cleveland and Gary, Indiana, and was attacked by Narick for doing so. . . . Hatcher, incidentally, taking socialist line more and more. He's against capitalism black and white because "capitalism for the most part has been able to progress only by exploiting the masses."

■ New fun and games planned for spring. At Princeton meeting of **SDS** and **Progressive Labor** types (they're the Maoist fringe of the youth movement) it was decided to stage mobilization against the military in Washington in March and a national student strike in May. **Mike Klonsky**, national chairman of SDS, says even high school strikes against dress codes are good practice for militant youth. . . . According to the NSA, only 39 of the students who took part in violent demonstrations in first half of 1968 were suspended from school. NSA says 39,000 students were involved in all. . . . *New Left Notes* (the SDS paper) putting out emergency call for bail money. It cost the Left \$16,000 to bail out the 650 students arrested in **San Francisco State** riots in late January. . . . *Guardian* gleefully reports that at a New York meeting of the new Wallace-ite youth, called **National Youth Alliance**, chief targets were **YAF** and **Wm. Buckley** of NA-

TIONAL REVIEW, for being "the best friends the Bolsheviks have."

■ About *Ramparts*: **Warren Hinckle III**, the editor-publisher, has resigned and says he's starting a new magazine, *Barricades*. *Ramparts* itself has filed in bankruptcy but the other editors, **Robert Scheer** etc. say they still hope to revive *Ramparts*. *Ramparts'* last press run was 90,000 copies, according to *Daily World*, way way down from its runs of about 200,000 after the CIA exposé. . . . One of the last edifying sights of the week, Mrs. **Coretta King** and assorted Clergymen and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam laying hands on the head of Episcopalian minister **Thomas Hayes**—pastor-at-large to American deserters in Sweden. . . . **ACLU** has come up with new concept in civil disobedience: It will give legal aid henceforth to violators of laws that the ACLU considers invalid (like draft card burning). . . . January issue of *ADA World* has **Edmund Muskie** and **George McGovern** plastered all over the place, but **Eugene McCarthy**, the ADA's Pin-Up of Summer '68, is mentioned only in an ad (p. 11), for "Clean Gene Memorabilia."

■ Quotes and Capers on the Left, week of Feb. 10: **Dave Dellinger** in *Liberation*: "Reports of the beatings [of the *Pueblo* crew] are disquieting to persons like us who hope that non-imperialist countries [i.e. Communist countries] will succeed in avoiding as many as possible of the abuses that fester under capitalism and colonialism." . . . **LeRoi Jones**, in reply to an invitation to attend a U. of Wisconsin Student Symposium: He will do so only if he is met at the plane by black students, if black students only are invited to any dinner given for him, if black students only will take part in any seminar he gives,

if the middle aisle is reserved for black students if he is asked to give a speech. (Problem for the organizers: Wisconsin hasn't enough black students to fill a middle aisle.) . . . Black Panther **Huey Newton**, according to *Berkeley Barb*, is refusing to do any work in San Luis Obispo prison that pays less than \$1.25 an hour. . . . Father **Groppi**, on the Milwaukee riots: "We stood in the backyard of [the rectory] and watched the stores over on 3rd St. burn. It made us feel kind of good. It had a kind of dignity. The only advice I gave my parishioners in those days was 'be careful—don't get caught.'"

■ Remember the brouhaha over **Enoch Powell's** speech on colored immigrants? Latest British Opinion Research poll shows Conservatives have 27 per cent lead over Labor (an increase from 16 in a month). Change is attributed to tough speech by Tory leader **Edward Heath** demanding (guess what?) tighter curbs on colored immigration. . . . Britain, celebrating its twentieth year of **socialized medicine**, now has over half a million names on the waiting list for hospital beds. . . . British journalist **Eric Gordon** and his wife and son, who started to leave China on Oct. 28, 1967 and haven't been heard from since, are, Peking now says, under arrest. Red Chinese sources refuse to say what the charges are against the Gordons. . . . **Anguilla**, the tiny Caribbean island, has formally renounced all ties with Great Britain and adopted a new constitution by a vote of 1,739 to four. Among the clauses: right to work.

■ The FAA has received thousands of suggestions on what to do about the **hijack problem**. The most ingenious: play the Cuban National Anthem before takeoff—and arrest anyone who stands up.

the rights of man is conservatism, you can count me out—and with me thousands of other young Americans who do not find “absolute liberty insupportable.”
Fond du Lac, Wisc. JAMES B. CASPER

For Mr. Melvin and his idea of Big Brother: an Orwellian Two-Minute Hate.
Warwick, R. I. WYNN DALY

See Principles and Heresies, p. 180. —ED.

Israel v. Lebanon

An editorial note appearing after a reader's letter in your February 11 issue states that it was “sheer chance” that no persons were injured or killed in the deterrent action carried out by Israeli forces against Lebanese aircraft at Beirut airport.

It was by no means “sheer chance.” The action was carried out on the ground, and not by aerial bombing. Those taking part in the operation endangered their own lives in carrying out orders to ensure that no lives were lost and nobody hurt. The aircraft and the area around them were searched and all passengers, crew and airport personnel were cleared away before the planes were destroyed.

This stands in stark contrast to the attack on the EL AL plane in Athens airport by Arab terrorists, whose aim it was to kill the passengers and crew. Only due to their bad marksmanship and grenade-throwing was only one passenger killed and one crew member injured. If the terrorists' aim had been better some sixty passengers and crew members aboard the aircraft would have been killed.

HUGH ORGEL
Consulate General of Israel
New York, N.Y.

Ceiling Unlimited

Many thanks for “Pleasures of a Birdman” in the January 28th issue. In flying my Beechcraft Bonanza some 300 hours a year for business purposes it is easy to think only of getting from A to B in the quickest possible way and ignore the beauty of what unfolds before me. Mr. Rickenbacker has forcefully recalled my attention to true perspectives in flying.

Houston, Tex. L. J. DAVIGNON JR.

Valentinov on Lenin

It was quite surprising to find very obvious mistakes of fact in Guy Davenport's review of Nikolay Valentinov's *Encounters With Lenin* [Jan. 28]. First of all, Valentinov did *not* write this memoir in the Sixties, but before the death of Stalin. The Russian edition came out in 1953. Second, the paper, which caused the conflict with Plekhanov, was *not* about Mach and Avenarius, but about revolutionary work among sectarians, an interesting thing in itself. Third, Valentinov mentions that Gusev, in order to play the fool, once sang for Lenin a romance of Tchaikovsky on his knees, *not* “always” on his knees. In addition, the reviewer got the titles of Tchaikovsky's songs mixed up. Even

though many years passed before Valentinov set down his memoirs, even though conflict with Plekhanov involved Mach and Avenarius, even though Gusev got on his knees, one should not change the facts through carelessness or by intention.

Hanover, N. H. ANTON S. BELIAJEFF

A Reply

Valentinov's *Vstrechi s Leniny* was published in New York in 1953, so my “36 years later” should have read “26 years later.” Frank Meyer, best of editors, called me about the chronology of Valentinov's political allegiance and exiles before going to press, and as I was in the hospital flat on my back, I achieved the splendid muddle as it appears, deferring wildly to Frank's extensive knowledge of things and all the while winking at a nun who was pursing her mouth and shaking her head at all the Russian names flying through the air. As for the encounter with Plekhanov, I can only ask Mr. Beliajeff to read pages 178-179 of the book again. And as for Lenin and the songs, it seems to me that Valentinov was immensely amused by the rather silly sentimentality of these lugubrious occasions; and so was I. I had space only to catch the essential *mufisme* of the comedy. If a more meticulous cultural historian can inform us how many times Comrade Gusev (*alias* Drapkin) sang

Tchaikovsky to Lenin on his knees, the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW are open to him.

Lexington, Ky.

GUY DAVENPORT

The Pueblo Affair

As a career Naval officer, I would like to thank you for your comments concerning the Pueblo incident and the Military Code of Conduct, published in your issue of January 14. Many members of the Armed Forces have long felt that the Code is ambiguous and therefore does not, as was its original purpose, provide a concrete guide for the captured soldier or airman. While all servicemen must be prepared to risk their lives in battle and endure rather than capitulate under enemy duress, it goes beyond the purview of command to assign to any one individual the direct choice between life and death for anyone other than himself. The statements by Commander Bucher, made before the Court of Inquiry, indicate that he was confronted with such a choice. In making that decision, he made the welfare of his men his primary concern, and thereby discharged the principal duty of any Commanding Officer.

In establishing a scapegoat to cover the inane policies of the Washington bureaucrats, the Navy has selected a man whose courage, loyalty, and professionalism ap-

(Continues on page 191)

DON'T WOLF IT DOWN.



There's a limit to how much you can enjoy a good Bourbon, and you know what it is. It's your limit, and once you go outside it, you can't appreciate our Bourbon or anyone else's. And since we take the time to age Beam's Choice for eight years, and the care to charcoal filter it, the least you can do is take the trouble to learn how to handle it.

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THE WEEK

■ Harvard University was going to offer a course on the control of urban demonstrations but thought better of it in the face of an urban demonstration. Perhaps Yale could offer a counter-demonstration course on the decline of Harvard as a center of learning. Q.E.D.

■ The conservative community was rather miffed when Robert Finch, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, picked California state Assemblyman John Veneman as HEW Under Secretary, because Veneman is a liberal Republican who had tangled with Ronald Reagan on the question of state withholding taxes in California. California Republicans were angry for quite another reason. To them Veneman represents the vital 41st vote in the evenly divided California lower house. He comes from a district that has a 60-40 Democratic to Republican registration, so his replacement might deprive Gov. Reagan of his majority in the Assembly. Plus, California will be redistricting in 1970—after the next census—and it is to the Republicans' advantage to have as many incumbents running for office then as possible. Insiders say Finch knew his choice of Veneman would be unpopular back home and that's why he got President Nixon to make the announcement.

■ In 1916, responding to student demand, Harvard University instituted its ROTC program. Now the Harvard faculty has voted to strip ROTC courses of academic credit, and the faculties of Yale and Dartmouth have taken similar action. There may be some valid academic and administrative arguments against ROTC in its present form, though these aren't very weighty. In point of fact, however, the votes against ROTC were reflections of faculty opposition to the Vietnamese war. At each campus, ROTC has been the target of agitation by SDS and other radical groups; in their votes, the faculties went along with the thrust of this agitation, despite the fact that, *prima facie*, student demand for ROTC exists: i.e., students sign up for it in substantial numbers. If these students had been black, perhaps their wishes would have been heeded. But in reflecting upon this behavior, remember that, politically and psychologically, the American campus tends to be a pretty odd place. Faculty preferences at Princeton in the 1968 elections were: Humphrey, 80 per cent, Nixon and Dick Gregory 10 per cent each.

■ The will of the majority and the majority's interests do not, as Burke observed, always coincide. The latest Gallup Poll reveals that the public opposes, two-to-one, the substitution of a well-paid volunteer army for the

present system of conscription. At the same time, nine senators, representing the entire political spectrum from dove to hawk, have introduced a bill that would bring about just such a change. The public voiced three basic objections to a change, two of them practical and fallacious, one of them moral and indeterminable. It was thought too difficult to get enough volunteers; the opinion was widespread that we need too large a military establishment for a volunteer system. Both of these are fallacies. It was also felt that every individual has a responsibility to his country and should serve—despite the fact that under the present circumstances very few actually do serve. Yet the practical, political, and moral arguments for a volunteer army remain unshaken. The present revolving-door system wastes talent and experience. By the time a trained soldier has acquired the experience that makes him effective, he is ready for discharge. In addition, the protracted "balance of power" type conflicts we seem mostly likely to be engaged in are better fought by professionals than by draftees; indeed, much of the domestic opposition to such wars would evaporate if they were fought by professionals. Finally, compulsory service at present pay-levels represents a form of selective confiscatory taxation. One hopeful sign: the poll also shows that more people now support the volunteer concept than ever before—and double the number who favored it in 1956. Interest and will are gradually converging.

■ The *Wall Street Journal* (Jan. 8) carried a good long article by Mr. R. Heath Larry, Executive Vice-President of United States Steel Corporation, wherein Mr. Larry argued that the American steel industry must be protected and subsidized, foreign competition being what it is, i.e. unfair, and domestic steel productivity being of course a national necessity in time of war, which God forbid. (Syntax we got, baby.) This is the classic statement of the protectionist; anyone interested in the rebuttal may write to Mr. Tyson, chairman of the Finance Committee of U.S. Steel, and a great and assiduous partisan of free enterprise. What interests us at the moment is that the single greatest hindrance to economic steel production is a labor union that treats the steel market as if it were a private hunting preserve; and an article by Mr. Larry in which the existence of a steel union of any description is utterly ignored. The trouble with steel is that it is afraid of the Steelworkers.

■ The Hickenlooper Amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act provides that the U.S. will suspend aid to any nation that expropriates U.S. property without "prompt and adequate compensation." Well, sir, General Juan Velasco Alvarado of Peru thinks he may have found a way around that. He's just announced that the International Petroleum Company (IPC) owes Peru \$690,524,283. That sum happens to coincide with the value of the oil that International Petroleum has taken out of La Brea-Parinas fields in the past 45 years and since

IPC's assets in Peru are worth only half that, Gen. Velasco is proposing to take them over as part payment of the debt. It's a good lawyer's ploy, but so far it hasn't worked. About \$17 million in aid promised for 1969 is being held up and there's a good chance Peru won't get its usual lucrative sugar quota from the United States this year—which could cost the country another \$45 million.

■ We see you, Teddy (second in a series): *Item*, you're going to challenge President Nixon with a "legislative program" of your very own come spring, with measures to deal with health, housing, employment and the draft. *Item*, you've decided, very publicly, that the Sentinel ABM system just won't work. *Item*, in a recent poll, an overwhelming majority of state Democratic leaders picked you as the "most likely" candidate of the party in 1972.

■ The controversy over abortion reform provoked the *Times* into a sudden baring of ideological claws. According to current law, an abortionist is a criminal. After pointing out that New York's Catholic hierarchy constitutes a principal source of opposition to "liberalized" laws—which would legalize abortions when doctors think the child will be deformed—the *Times* snarled: "To forbid such abortions should be criminal, not the other way around." In the secularist utopia of the liberal future, buddy, the moral stand of the hierarchy will be *criminal!* Up against the wall, episcopi!

■ On March 4, a group of faculty members and graduate students at MIT will participate in a "research halt" intended as a "practical and symbolic" expression of their displeasure over alleged misuse of scientific research by the wicked old U.S. Government. Instead of doing their research that day, the scientists will listen to Sen. George McGovern on how to dismantle the war economy, Gar Alperovitz on The Bomb, and Noam Chomsky on the "responsibility of the intellectual." In the *New York Review of Books* a few months back, Chomsky gave it as his opinion that the U.S. Government is the current equivalent of Hitler's, so we don't need to wonder what he thinks the responsibility of intellectuals ought to be. The "research halt" is consistent with the thrust of Chomsky's political position to date. Recognizing that he and his radical friends cannot win under the working rules of American democracy, he is resolved to achieve his ends outside the political process.

■ ON STUDENT RIOTING WAY BACK WHEN. From *The Founding of a Nation* by Merrill Jensen: "In 1768, when Harvard tutors refused to accept any more excuses for not attending prayers, the students met and resolved in favor of liberty, declared the rule of the tutors unconstitutional, and threw bricks through the tutors' windows. When three or four rioters were expelled, the three junior classes threatened to leave the college. The senior

class, within three months of graduation, asked the president for recommendations to 'the college in Connecticut' [Yale] so that they might be admitted there. The overseers backed the president and tutors in expelling the rioters, and a stop was put to the revolt."

■ Howard Boorman, professor of history at Vanderbilt University, demonstrated his scrutability by reviewing five books on China for the *New York Times Book Review*. One of the five just happened to be the revised edition of *Red Star Over China* by Edgar Snow, a long-time, old-time, any-time apologist for the Communist Chinese. (In 1936, young Edgar penetrated a civil-war blockade near the Great Wall and joined Mao and his cadres on their Long March 1,500 miles across the country.) In the brief review, Dr. Boorman used no fewer than sixteen laudatory adjectives to describe the book: handsome, solid, hearty, exuberant, unique, contemporary, indefatigable, real, and so on. But he displayed his critical balance by using one qualifying adjective. The book was, he said, "partisan." Sssh.

■ Italy has announced it will recognize Peking. Canada is making noises that way. There's a new Administration in Washington preparing to trudge back to Warsaw for more discussions with the Pekingese about Red China's future, and the Red China lobby is swinging into high gear, meeting in Santa Barbara, writing in learned journals, inditing letters to the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* about our ecumenical shortcomings. It's high time, drones the old refrain, to bring Peking into that heavenly community come to earth, the United Nations. Reality, however, continues to be uncooperative. Red China has, if anything, stepped up its barrage of vicious diatribes against Nixon and his Administration. And from Prime Minister Marshal Thanom Kittikachorn of Thailand comes a warning that the Chinese are pushing three highways from Yunnan province across the northern border of Laos toward northeastern Thailand. Ten thousand Chinese soldiers are reported to be at work on the roads, and there are 7,000 additional Chinese troops assisting the Laotian Communists. Thus far American bombers have carefully avoided them, and Marshal Thanom Kittikachorn, distressed at the apparent American readiness to cut bait in South-

What a Way To Go

Some die (like Crete) sublimely fast
By natural catastrophe.
Some struggle gamely to the last,
Like Harold fighting Normandy.
Some compromise themselves away;
Some slide beneath a weakened will.
How odd to contemplate decay
While trumpeting one's overkill.

W. H. VON DREELE

east Asia, fears Chinese guerrillas intend to turn his country into another Vietnam. Needless to say, the Red China lobby doesn't allow such information to intrude into its daydreams. But Secretary of State Willam Rogers and adviser Henry Kissinger are studying Marshal Thanom Kittikachorn's warning before trekking to Warsaw.

■ Let's see now. LBJ cut the bombing back last April, but Hanoi said there could be no substantive peace talks until all bombing of North Vietnam was stopped. Deadlock, head-to-head negotiation, and the U.S. stopped all bombing. Then Hanoi said there could be no substantive talks unless the NLF got equal status at a round negotiating table. Another deadlock, more haggling, and we gave them the round table. Now North Vietnam says there can be no substantive talks until the U.S. withdraws its troops (after which time, they might have added, there will be no substance about which to talk). Thus far the new American negotiating team is holding firm, but we quote a Reuters news dispatch to see what the old team would have done: "WASHINGTON, Feb. 10—W. Averell Harriman, former chief United States negotiator at the Paris peace talks, urged the Nixon Administration today to give serious consideration to disengagement of American troops in Vietnam even without a negotiated agreement with Hanoi."

■ A friend of *NR*, now visiting in Tanzania, writes: "I see Mao Tse-tung has given up chain smoking and taken up cigars. If things get really bad he can always smoke his Little Red Book. That's what Tanzanians do. . . . I was alarmed at all the *Thoughts* books coming in here until I found out the people say the paper is the best there is for rolling your own smokes—just the right size and free. The red plastic cover makes a dandy billfold."

■ One conservative, believe it or not, actually exists at Princeton. New football coach Jake McCandless will stick with the single-wing. "There will be adaptations in Princeton's offense," he announced, "but certainly our tradition will remain."

■ Uh-huh. Governor Rockefeller told a New York City audience last week that he favors "local control of most citizens' affairs." But that doesn't include education or welfare or medicare. Which means he favors local control for the 10 per cent of the taxes he can't get his hands on. Nice of him.

■ Dean Swift, call your office!

A messenger was dispatched . . . to give the King notice of my approach, and to desire that his Majesty would please to appoint a day and hour, when it would be his gracious pleasure that I might have the honor to lick the dust before his footstool. This is the court style, and I found it to be more than matter of form. For on my admittance . . . I was commanded to crawl upon my

belly, and lick the floor as I advanced; but on account of my being a stranger, care was taken to have it so clean that the dust was not offensive.

—Episode at the Court of Luggnagg,
Gulliver's Travels, III: 9

Two weeks ago . . . St. Clement's Episcopal Church on West 46th Street in Manhattan held a Holy Communion service modeled on the so-called "environmental" theater. Communicants were blindfolded, ordered to take off their shoes and led through a 40-minute maze that included a period of crawling on their hands and knees over bread crumbs as a sign of "humble access" to the Holy Communion.

—*New York Times*, 2/9/1969

■ We don't hold out much promise for those negotiations with Castro about disciplining the people who hijack airplanes. It's simply not the kind of thing one discusses profitably with people who hijack whole islands.

■ Mere weeks after he leaves office, Lyndon Johnson's first major article appears—in *True Magazine*. Too late, he's found the solution to the credibility gap!

What Is Nixon's Policy?

During the past couple of months Nixonology has replaced Kremlinology as the favorite sport of the pundits. Richard Nixon can't utter so much as an adverb without bringing down on our heads a thousand columns of speculation about whether it means a shift of two degrees north or four degrees east in policy towards Uzbekistan or the Oregon hop-pickers.

Each new appointment has every commentator turning somersaults. Mel Laird at the Pentagon: it looks like the military-industrial complex is taking over. James E. Allen Jr. as Commissioner of Education: so it's a sell-out to the super-liberals on the school front. Dick Allen as Henry Kissinger's top aide: it's still the old hard-shell anti-Communist Nixon. Sargent Shriver stays in Paris: obviously a deal with the Kennedys that Teddy will wait until 1976. As for the press conferences, the textual analysis of the Presidential answers could qualify for a flock of Ph.Ds in linguistics.

Political commentators are paid to comment politically, and they've got to write something even when there isn't anything to write about. On this matter of the general policy, the basic political lines of the Nixon regime, there isn't as yet very much. What there is throws little light on the future.

It is obvious that by his acts and omissions since his election, by his appointments and his public statements and silences, Mr. Nixon has been deliberately trying to prevent the crystallization of a definite policy line for his Administration. He has been trying to keep all, or nearly all options open.

Mr. Nixon combines a mildly conservative, or square,

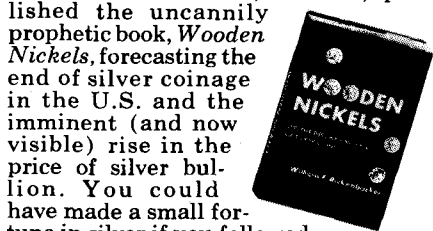
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Dozens of times in this century alone, whole populations have discovered to their sorrow and infinite distress that there is no such thing as an inflation that goes on forever. It always ends, and the end is always painful. Most people associate a depression with a drop in the money supply — but how about the customary vast inflation of the money supply in the years leading up to the final 'Crack'?

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temperament with some of the evangelical populism that is so common in the American tradition. But he is not an ideologue and not solidly committed to either Right or Left—though his voting constituency, as he perhaps occasionally forgets, ranges from Center to Right and is therefore as a whole to the Right of that conglomerate that votes against him. His appointments have included a wide scattering throughout the political spectrum, but have in fact been mostly of non-ideological types—businessmen, administrators, technicians and practical politicians who think more in terms of keeping the enterprise going than of where it is going.

Most of Mr. Nixon's moves so far have been to refer questions to this or that agency for study, to call for reports and recommendations, to suspend final decisions pending a review of all sides of the question. Even this forthcoming European trip is presented as an opportunity not for promoting any particular view or proposal, but for becoming acquainted with the European leaders and discussing mutual problems.

The Nixonologists are looking for something that isn't there. You cannot define or predict Mr. Nixon's basic policy line because he doesn't have one. The policy line is going to be defined by the nature of the first sharp challenges or crises that arise and by his response thereto. The precise content of the challenges and of the Nixon responses cannot be predicted, any more than the content of the Vietnam, Cuban and Greek challenges and the corresponding Johnson, Kennedy and Truman responses could have been.

In the more restful era of the Twenties there were no sharp challenges or crises, so that the regimes of Harding and Coolidge, who were also non-ideological like most American Presidents, were never clearly defined in policy terms. They just drifted along, and that was all that was required under the circumstances.

We'll Be Watching, Mr. Finch

You've got de facto segregation in every part of this country, and we're going to go after it.

Robert H. Finch

Sec'y of Health, Education & Welfare

Sounds hopeful, sir. But as you know,
When they withheld Chicago's dough,
The mayor called the President—
Which ended all the argument.
Today, 200 southern schools
(Defying Justice Warren's rules)
Must integrate each native son,
Or no more dough from Washington.
So, sir, to be consistent, you
Must integrate the Yankee, too.
We'll know you really mean it when
You cancel cash for Darien.

W. H. VON DREELE

We now live through an epoch in which crises are both frequent and momentous. If the President were a hardened ideologue we might guess his stands, how he would deal with the crises that come his way—though even then, the reality of the world's most powerful job being so different from thinking about it, there would be no certainty until after the event. But precisely because Nixon is not ideological, not testing the exercise of his supreme power, everything remains in question.

Nixon is holding off as long as he can. But it cannot be too much longer before he meets the first of the dragons—in the guise of a crisis in Berlin or the Middle East or the domestic cities, possibly even in Vietnam (though *that* was Lyndon Johnson's critical challenge, and challenges are seldom repeated), perhaps something no one has thought of. Then we shall see what stuff President Nixon is made of; then and not before.

Campus Violence

Two articles in this issue deal with the continuing campus disruptions—the one at San Francisco State, which still goes on, but where the rare firmness of President Hayakawa and, behind him, of Governor Reagan, gives cause for optimism, and the one at Brandeis, where they could have used a Hayakawa. Elsewhere, of course, the disruption goes on and on, breaking out now at Chicago, then at Swarthmore, Queens, Berkeley, Wisconsin.

The pretexts are various: the construction of a gym, a faculty hiring or firing, a Dow or CIA recruiter, parietal rules, a black studies program, and so on *ad infinitum*. Setting aside the case of the black students for the moment, what of the white left-rebels, most of them intelligent, middle-class and affluent? It's time to step back and begin to analyze this phenomenon in terms other than those the rebels use to characterize themselves. What, in fact, is the meaning?

In objective political terms, of course, the campus rebellion constitutes an attack, fiercely destructive, on a vital but vulnerable institution of American society. As President Hayakawa has testified before the House Education and Labor Subcommittee, there are those on the campus, both faculty and students, who conceive of their behavior in straight revolutionary terms. Aware that they can never persuade the majority of Americans to adopt their goals, they have elected to pursue them through revolutionary action. These revolutionaries are serious and elitist, and they constitute a conspiracy against the liberties of the people.

Yet to say this does not account for the entire phenomenon, for much, perhaps most, of the New Left is not "serious" in quite this way. One senses in much of the New Left disruption a rather large histrionic element. Indeed, the rebels have often seemed surprised that their behavior actually produced results in the real world: negotiations, concessions, solemn talk of "restructuring," the resignation of Grayson Kirk. What began as, perhaps

essentially, histrionic and expressive behavior suddenly became *living theater*—so vulnerable, so decadent, did the “enemy” prove to be.

But what was all the symbolic action about? What were the histrionics, in fact, expressing? Those who are intimate with the campus situation sense about the disruptive students a deep and pervasive melancholy, a crippling uncertainty which borders on, and sometimes actually issues in, despair. Bruno Bettelheim of the University of Chicago, a psychoanalyst whose antennae are unusually sensitive to maladies of the spirit, described the Chicago students occupying a university building as “sick”—as indeed they are. But their sickness is also a symptom, a reflection of their cultural circumstances.

Traditionally, one's parents function as the carriers of the positive values of a culture. The child absorbs those values through emulation. But he also defines himself, finds his identity and strengthens his ego, through his daily experience of parental authority: the authority and the will are there, and they must be reacted to, perhaps even reacted against. This process is a moral and psychological teething.

Our contemporary, middle-class, affluent college students have very largely been denied this experience. Growing up, they have inhabited a vast moral and psychological vacuum; in a sense, they have scarcely had any parents at all. Their comfortable, permissive affluent parents provided no authority, no defining resistance at all. They were “enlightened.” They were “tolerant.” They knew their Spock, their popular psychology, their *Authoritarian Personality*. The thing they feared most was the child's disapproval, rather than the other way around. The last thing they wanted was to be “repressive.” The result was that they transmitted very little positive culture at all. Neither through emulation nor collision could the child define himself. Father, at best, was a sort of friendly older child, and at worst a benign stooge. Mother was in the League of Women Voters.

The child was, of course, “loved.” He was also the victim of normlessness—of a moral and cultural lesion. He was denied the necessary conditions of growth, of ego-development, of self-definition. A number of observers, in fact, have noticed the striking similarity between “protest” behavior and the manners of infantile rebellion: lying down, going limp, physical dirtiness, spitting.

School and college served these youths no better, providing merely an extension of the parents' enlightened and tolerant vapidness. Once again no positive culture is transmitted: merely techniques, skills, methods, “courses.” Nowhere does authority—historical, religious, even the authority of individual experience—assert any claims. In the past, education had as its goal the creation of some desirable mode of being: it transmitted an image of the self. Today, no image of the desirable is proposed, either to accept or reject. In the liberal arts and in the social sciences—and most campus disruption emanates from students and faculty in these areas—there are no agreed-upon goals. A course is offered merely

because it occurs to someone to offer it. This pervasive incoherence is the inner meaning of the currently fashionable practice of seating students on college policy-making committees, of giving them a say in the curriculum, and so forth. The academy is in the process of disavowing even its claim to professional authority. The college once stood “in the place of the parents,” *in loco parentis*, transmitting a positive culture; ironically enough, it stands today *in loco parentis* still, the perfect reflection of the modern liberal parents' moral emptiness.

The faculty, which ought to be the ultimate source of power and authority in a college is of course thoroughly liberalized and so defines itself through its negations. It is against “nationalism,” it is against “militarism,” it is against “repressive” forms of morality. It says no to ROTC, no to Vietnam, it passes rancorous resolutions. It is highly “moral”—but in a negative way, for its sense of its moral standing flows almost entirely from its critical stance toward the “dominant” society. The liberal faculty, the liberal teachers in secondary school, the liberal parents—the modern student grows up in the midst of a vast vacuity.

It is only when one sees how pervasive these negations are in enlightened, middle-class American culture that one perceives the true meaning of “trust no one over thirty.” Finding no authority in his elders the student seeks authority among his peers. He will do what they do, toe the line of fashions which dictate his dress, his manners, his attitudes. Some seek solace in a world made up of purely personal relations—prematurely domestic, shacking up though unmarried, taking drugs, seeking in the current phrase “meaningful” relationships (which turn out, relentlessly, to be meaningless). Others lash



Toronto Telegram, Canada

Ben Roth Agency

“Lyndon warned me there’d be days like this . . .”

out at the negotiations, meeting moral cowardice with a desperate insolence: I act, therefore I am. They lock up the liberal dean, who has just abolished parietals and kicked ROTC off campus; they run up the red flag on the math building. Perhaps—the pathetic hope is implicit—the dean will provide some definition, some resistance. Alas, there is only emptiness: the permissive smile. Amnesty. Concessions. The rebellious student is consumed with rage. How is it possible not to hate such utter emptiness? The tolerant liberal culture defines itself as “open”—that is, value-less. The student understands the pun: the liberal culture is worthless.

Let the Surtax Die

The Nixon Administration is reported to be considering the question of maintaining the 10 per cent federal income surtax that went into effect last June. If it is going to consider the question seriously, it will have to admit into its reasoning much of the following:

1) The surtax is ineffective. It was urged upon the Congress, and passed by the Congress, on the grounds that it would provide a real antidote to inflation. Inflation has continued if not actually accelerated since the passage of the surtax proposal. If the principal reason for the existence of the tax is proven to have been ill-founded, what reason is there for continuing the tax?

2) The surtax, if continued, will rise. It applies to only a portion of last year's income. If continued, it will apply to all of 1969's income. The proposal to “continue” the tax is actually a proposal to increase the federal tax budget by three and a half percentage points. And this in the face of automatic tax hikes due to a) the general inflationary rise in money income, and b) the statutory higher tax rates on higher money incomes.

3) The surtax is deceptive. Although it parades in the finery of fiscal prudence, it serves actually to cover the cost of continually rising expenditures. The Government will always spend whatever it gets, and then some; federal thrift can be imposed only by reducing federal revenues.

4) The surtax is now a piece of hypocrisy. A Congress that has voted itself an enormous pay boost, a President who has not refused a 100 per cent wage hike, cannot *believably* raise taxes on the people with the argument that this is fiscal self-discipline. If the Administration goes to the people, with a straight face, and says we must all tighten our belts, keep a stiff upper lip, deny ourselves luxuries of a pay rise, or whatever—then the Administration and Congress, spending their own munificent new pay raises, will lose a large portion of the credibility they must maintain in order to govern an increasingly quizzical and disaffected nation. This is no time for politicians to vote themselves pay hikes while urging the people to discipline and austerity. If the pay hikes were necessary, and granted we have them and must deal with them, then the Administration must defend the surtax on

some grounds other than austerity. What other grounds are there?

5) The respectable argument in favor of the surtax is that it is of symbolic importance in international circles. It does display the willingness of the Government to take unpalatable medicine. It could, in conjunction with a whole series of other steps, help to create the atmosphere of effort and concern that just might save the position of the dollar in international trade. Alas, the January pay hike so generously voted by Congress has almost totally undermined that argument.

Another Look At the ABM

When studying logic we learn the seemingly paradoxical fact that false premises may yield a true conclusion. Thus it may be with the decision to have another look at the Sentinel Anti-Ballistic Missile System before committing the nation to the colossal expenditure of money and resources that would be needed for its production and deployment.

The arguments being pressed against Sentinel are, for the most part, a mishmash of the irrelevancies, absurdities and illusions of coexistence and appeasement. Among Sentinel's opponents our notorious disarmers, Softs and Vietniks, are conspicuous. Nevertheless, Mr. Nixon was probably wise and certainly prudent in asking for a final, cool review of all the many military, technical, economic and political factors in order to determine whether Sentinel is, in truth, in the nation's interest.

The opponents wail that our commitment to an ABM system will make the Kremlin cross, halt disarmament negotiations, provoke an arms race, block expansion of East-West trade and cultural exchange, revive the cold war, etc. So much the better, one is tempted to say; then bring on Sentinel! If the effects of Sentinel were to dissipate the coexistence-appeasement illusions, that alone would more than justify its cost. The central question about Sentinel, however, is of a different order. Will Sentinel add significantly to the security of the United States? It can be thus simply worded, but it is not a simple question. Its answer must take into account the enemy's counter-capability not merely as this exists today but as it would be a number of years from now when Sentinel is operational—and when the enemy, having known Sentinel was under construction, will have had these same years to develop counter-measures. Again, granted that Sentinel would add in some measure to the nation's security the answer must weigh this increase and its cost against what could be gained by using the funds, manpower, equipment and other resources for an alternative weapons system.

There is an additional difficulty. The pace of development of weapons is extremely rapid, but full-scale production of a new weapon system is relatively slow. This is what leads to the engineers' aphorism: if it works, it's obsolete. To go into production means, by and large, to

freeze a system at the given stage of research and development, which will unquestionably be far surpassed by the time the system is operational. This creates a painful dilemma in relation to *any* weapons systems. In the case of Sentinel, no one claims that it can stop all enemy missiles—especially if we assume the more sophisticated penetration devices which the enemy would most certainly have ready precisely in order to circumvent Sentinel. Is it then correct to put our bet on an admittedly inadequate system rather than waiting a bit for research and development to come up with a much more nearly missile-tight system? What about the comparative *strategic* significance of manned orbiting space stations as compared to Sentinel? Might not our resources be better shifted to these—since we can't have everything? Indeed, might not space stations turn out to be the key to perfected defense against enemy missiles as well as to a new and potentially overwhelming offensive potential?

These are only samples of the intricate subquestions into which our simply worded initial question divides. The presumably qualified experts are not agreed on the answers, perhaps because they are not all dealing with the same problem. In a project of such magnitude and importance, it is surely in order to spend a few additional months to make sure the nation has reached the best judgment it is capable of rendering.

Crackdown in Spain

Franco's restoration of censorship and his crackdown on dissident elements will undoubtedly hurt the cause of Western cooperation. Political leaders in the democratic countries, who were beginning to warm up to Spain, have been scared off; but then General Franco had less to do with the timing of the current crackdown than did the revolutionary elements that brought it on. In Spain, disruptive energies flow from a number of sources. As usual, there are the students. Burning the Spanish flag, threatening the life of university officials, occupying university buildings, they have sought to "bring about a transformation of the structure" (notice that contemporary revolutionary rhetoric derives from sociology, whereas the rhetoric of the old Left was economic in its mode). There are the familiar forces of regional separatism, Basque and Catalan, agitating for greater freedom from Castile. And, of course, some "progressive priests" and seminarians hopped up on *aggiornamento*. Spain is particularly vulnerable to attacks upon its domestic order. It survived the Civil War with its social fabric in tatters; subsequent economic growth, and the growth of a new middle class, have not yet provided an assured basis for social stability; the Left, which Franco calls "anti-Spain," remains unreconciled and irreconcilable. And the foreign friends of anti-Spain have never ceased to hope for a reversal of the verdict of the Civil War. Franco, indeed, blamed foreign ideologues for "using the ingenuous generosity of youth to lead it on an orgy of nihilism." He

added: "It is better to prevent than cure. We are not going to wait for another 'May'"—last May's revolution in France—"after which a remedy would be much more difficult and expensive." Thus the man who is, perhaps, the West's most distinguished authority on the care and containment of leftist revolutions.

It was the economic threat, even more than the political danger, that forced Franco's hand. General de Gaulle's concessions to the French workers—the tactical price of splitting them off from the ideological revolutionaries—severely damaged the French economy. The Spanish economy, carefully nurtured during the last decade and a half, could ill afford similar strains. A severe economic setback in Spain could well lead to even more serious political disruption.

As the March 26 deadline approaches for the renegotiation of the Spanish-American mutual defense treaty, you may safely anticipate that objections will be raised by politicians and by the media to keeping American military bases in a "fascist" country. Where Spain is concerned, the Left, from the *Times* on over, is like Dickens' Miss Havisham: all the clocks stopped thirty years ago when the outrageous, the unthinkable, somehow came to pass. But looking at the map of the world, it is clear that if the only friends we want are orthodox democrats, why, then, we will have very few friends indeed. But this attitude is unhistorical: in much of the world, the necessary preconditions of democracy simply do not exist, and, in some places, will not exist in the foreseeable future.

Whatever Spain's domestic vicissitudes, the U.S. air bases at Moron and Torrejon, and especially the Polaris submarine base at Rota, remain of immense strategic value, a value which has been enhanced by the Soviet thrust into the Mediterranean. In addition, Spain's close ties with the Arab world promise a continuing Western



Vancouver Sun, Canada

Ben Roth Agency

"It's our Willie . . . he's taken over the faculty building, is holding the dean hostage and wants to know if we concede that we don't know what we were talking about."

influence there. As the European country whose problems are most analogous to those of an underdeveloped nation, Spain has an influential role to play both in North Africa and in Latin America.

In view of these considerations, America ought to aid future stability in Spain by being generous in the negotiation of the defense treaty. We should also explore the possibility of an entirely new departure—the construction, say, of a de-salination plant as a spur to Spanish agriculture. In addition, Spain wants to be placed on the “privileged” list of underdeveloped countries which, under existing tax laws, get preferential treatment on their exports. A favorable reaction on all these points would strengthen the Spanish economy, assist the extension of freedom in a nation which cannot afford more instability, and assure the United States of a dependable ally against Communism. To date, the United States has extended less foreign aid to Spain than to Yugoslavia.

Notes & Asides

■ In the mailbag:

Dec. 20, 1968

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Peace may not be easy to come by, so each of the Marines in this photo has extended his tour in Vietnam to keep our effort consistent. I was given a gift subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW a year ago and have renewed it this year myself. Your magazine provokes and satisfies many of us here—so at least here is one thought in return.

Cpl. Kevin J. O'Connor
Co L MARSUPTBN
APO, San Francisco 96308



Our readers will appreciate the photograph and the sentiment as much as we did. Thank you. WFB

From Takli Air Force Base, Thailand:

I have seen both parties in office since WW II and we still have a stalemate in Korea (soldiers being killed every week), the Cuban missile crises and the war in Vietnam. We are in the midst of a bombing halt and yet our bases in Thailand are flying more missions than before. Where is the justification of it all? Why don't you people get off your dead ass and help us either win this fiasco or get the hell out? You people who argue whether Nixon, HHH or Wallace should be President should read some of the casualty lists in the *Stars and Stripes* daily. I'm talking about people, young GIs, eighteen-nineteen-twenty-years-old. I don't mind telling you that I am deeply hurt by the bombing halt. The no-win policy that we have adopted has made us, I feel, less equal to our tasks. If I have to die for my country, I hope it is for a total victory and not for another Korea.
(name withheld)

Sir:

I love NATIONAL REVIEW; however, I have one complaint.

I am fluent in Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Russian, and can get along fairly well in French and German and English—why do you always use Latin?

Respectfully,

(Miss) Terry Altman
Box 47 Jefferson Street
Lawndale, Illinois

How do you know what we use is Latin? WFB

■ Excerpt from a staff report on letters-to-the-editor during the last fortnight: “My fellow Americans. We have received even more letters on the ‘Israeli Overkill?’ editorial than on the Ayn Rand thing. Stacks of them. Boxes of them. Roomsfull. Houses aplenty with. An island of letters. A nation-full. A world of words and a galaxy of outrage. Not *one*, no sir—not ONE (not even one-half) has been laudatory. On the other hand, WFB’s column on ‘Israel Should be Reasonable’ has received a most hearty and welcome response from some of the same people who were appalled by the editorial. Listen dollink, I wouldn’t even bother to quote from them because, well—does it make any difference, Sylvia? In the end, we’re all gonna die. One point, however, should be raised. That being this. There are quite a few Jews who quite frankly are not particularly zappo for Zionism. As a matter of fact, they look upon Zionism with the disdain and contempt of a little Miss Artoinette feeding cake to the Crud. Why? Because, for them, Zionism is a politicalization and, consequently, an irrevocable subversion of the spiritual aspirations of the Hebrew faith. Obviously, that does not mean that they squirm uncomfortably when Israel is mentioned; only that they believe Judaism to be a religion and not a race, a people-hood, or a ‘nation’ as such. What do you think, Sylvia? ‘Who knows?’”
—WFB

THE DISCORD OF THE SPHERES



THE THIRD WORLD WAR

The world's mighty have just about finished plastering over the splotches left by the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. De Gaulle did not find it necessary even to mention Czechoslovakia in his customary review of the past year's notable events. Following de Gaulle's lead, President Nixon also omitted reference to Czechoslovakia when he urged Congress to ratify the nuclear nonproliferation treaty and announced his eagerness to resume arms control talks with Moscow. "Negotiations, not confrontations" with the Soviet Union was what he sought, he explained. If it weren't for those irresponsible Czechs themselves, last summer's embarrassing *gaffe* could be dropped from public records.

How different things were six months ago! All those fine big words about "Soviet aggression," "reversion to Stalinism," "heroic Czech people"!

As always, our experts supply us with reasons for doing what we want to do: namely, forget about the Czech invasion. Czechoslovakia, they explain, is located within "the Soviet sphere of influence." We may lament what goes on in their sphere, but of course it's none of our business really, and besides there's nothing we can do about it anyway. And maybe it's not such a bad arrangement. We can't be global policemen. We keep our snout out of their cabbage patch, and they keep their snout out of ours.

Sounds comforting—for us, at any rate, if not quite so comforting for the Czechs etc. We'll just get out the atlas and check the Soviet Sphere so there won't be any misunderstanding about exactly where we're staying out of.

Let's see. Starting from Russia, there is the Ukraine, Georgia, Byelorussia, Kazakhstan, Turkmenistan and the rest of those original Soviet Socialist Republics—naturally no one in his right mind would question the Kremlin's

divine right to do anything it wanted with any of that group.

Then there's Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania: the Red army certainly proved *they* belonged to the Soviet Sphere, and besides, aren't they all SSRs now?

Czechoslovakia we've granted to start out with. By the same token we've got to list Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria, East Germany and, yes, Rumania: even if we don't like it much, we're certainly not going to do anything more than yak if the Red army swings over one of their boundaries. Right?

Not quite so simple about Yugoslavia, maybe. Undoubtedly Moscow considers it part of "The Socialist Commonwealth." But the Yugoslavs make some sort of distinction. Still, the Czechs were trying to make a distinction, too. You can't just get huffy and resign from a Sphere of Influence, now can you?

Next, Finland. Not too fast there. Finland is, well isn't it, an independent country? Still, you've got to admit that after that business in World War II and what with treaties and strategic arrangements and all, well, Finland does sort of fall inside their sphere.

Then, the Black Sea. There's no doubt, is there, that Moscow always *talks* as if the Black Sea is a Soviet lake? Are we going to risk a war sometime to prove it isn't? And when you come to think it over, what with the naval and arms deals and all, don't we have to recognize Egypt and Syria and Algeria as more or less attached to their sphere if not exactly inside it?

Oh yes, and Cuba. Cuba certainly belongs to the Socialist Camp, geography or no geography. That means hands-off for us. Agreed? Our wise-acres' fallacy is to mistake a dynamic for a static concept. A "sphere of interest" is not, like any legally recognized national boundary, a fixed line that can be drawn on a map. A sphere of interest coincides with the

range of effective power of the imperial state that is the focus of the sphere. Its extent is continually shifting in correlation with the continual shift in effective power.

But What About Cuba?

Eastern Europe is in the Soviet Sphere not because of any predestined affinity between Russia and the East European nations but because at the end of World War II, thanks in part to the folly of the Western leaders, the Red army and the Soviet secret police moved into those nations and reduced them to satellites. Czechoslovakia is *proved* to be in the Soviet Sphere not by any general agreement or by any alleged requirements of Soviet dissent but *because* the Red army could move in and get away with it. Cuba entered the Soviet Sphere when, as a result of Soviet bluff and bluster plus John Kennedy's defects of will, we accepted the proposition that Cuba was outside *our* limits. The Red fleet is currently pushing the edges of the Soviet Sphere into the Mediterranean and its littoral, soon down the Red Sea to the Indian Ocean.

Berlin—all Berlin—is within the Soviet Sphere, Moscow is in effect announcing by its drive to prohibit the electoral meeting of the German Parliament in Berlin. President Nixon's intended visit to Berlin is, says Moscow radio, a provocation! The Kremlin further asserts the right to intervene in West Germany, by military means if required, in order to defend socialism and prevent "the revival of Nazism or militarism."

"Socialism," however, includes not only the members of the Warsaw Pact but all nations in some measure socialist and all Communist or socialist groups *within* any nation—a definition broad enough to be all-inclusive.

"The Soviet Sphere," that is to say, is the globe itself. Isn't that what the Communists have always told us? □

THE PAST few months have been dismal ones for California educators. Bands of militants roam across the numerous state college and university campuses, smashing, burning and beating. The homes of administrators and professors are shot up and fire-bombed. Threats of assassination become part of daily life. At San Francisco State radicals buy weapons with student funds. At the College of San Mateo they re-enact the Nazi Night of the Broken Glass. At Berkeley, where the Third World Liberation Front has called a student strike, Wheeler Hall, one of the most imposing buildings on campus, is gutted by a "mysterious" fire. And at UCLA, traditionally the most conservative of the California campuses, two black students are murdered by black members of a rival organization.

Not a pretty picture. And it may temporarily get worse. But as Pollyannish as it sounds to say so, the extreme gloominess of the present situation may actually be cause for hope, for there are signs that this latest burst of New Left destructiveness in fact represents the death throes of the movement in California. Like trapped rats, the New Leftists are most vicious when least effective, and at San Francisco State, where the student-faculty strike gains viciousness as it loses effectiveness, they seem to have blundered into a trap.

No one should underrate the importance to the New Left of the battle for San Francisco State. "The strike at San Francisco State has now become one of the most important struggles students have ever taken part in," says an SDS pamphlet distributed at Berkeley. "A defeat there would greatly discourage the student movement across the country." One hopes that this last statement is true, for the New Left is losing at San Francisco State. At the beginning of the academic year they vowed to close the college. Hayakawa said that it would remain open. It has remained open, and the campus has survived the first semester.

The failure of the New Left to close down San Francisco State accounts in large part for the increase of militant activity on other California campuses, for the radicals have been forced to attempt to open second fronts in order to divert attention from SFS. At Berkeley, the Third World Liberation Front strikers, most of whom wear the old familiar Berkeley SDS faces, trudge

around in small clumps, soaked by the unusually heavy January rain. (This has become known here as "Hayakawa weather." New Leftists have long been noted for their aversion to water.) Most of the Berkeley strikers are white, but they try to fool passersby by chanting in a sort of syncopated minstrel-show rhythm, rather as if they had attempted to master Negro dialect by listening to old Al Jolson records. "Pow-ah to de pee-pull," they chant as they shuffle in circles, "We ah de pee-pull." The Negro students who brush by them on their way to classes seem to enjoy this very much.

'Soft Underbelly'

The New Leftists are not always this funny, of course, especially when they are blowing buildings up or burning them down, but the sense of futility which accompanies their failure at San Francisco State becomes increasingly characteristic of militant activity throughout California. The strike has lost momentum and sympathy for it is evaporating. Recently, when 483 demonstrators were arrested for holding an illegal rally on the SFS campus, it was significant that those taken into custody were *all* hard-core militants. There were no innocent bystanders. For the first time since the San Francisco State strike began, the militants were talking only to themselves.

There are lessons for other beleaguered and soon-to-be-beleaguered campuses in the failure of the militants to close down San Francisco State. Chief among them, perhaps, is that the new radical alliance of SDSers, black militants, and activist teachers, a coalition which is taking shape at many campuses across the country, is shaky, riddled with potential weaknesses which can be exploited by clever administrators. The SDSers are anarchists and their only real desire is to destroy. The black militants are also destructive, but despite the fact that many of them are criminals, many more among them sin-

cerely believe that they are doing the best thing possible to improve the condition of their race. And the third group, those instructors who are typified in California by members of the American Federation of Teachers (AFT), are the third-raters of the academic world, lower-middle class failures whose interests are petty (unlike the SDSers) and selfish (unlike the black militants).

It is inevitable that unnatural partners such as these, failing to achieve their goals quickly, will begin to squabble among themselves. Black militants have never trusted the SDSers. The blacks know that the New Leftists want to use them, just as the Old Leftists tried to use their parents, and they also know that unlike themselves, the SDSers have daddies back East who will cough up bail money when things get tough. The SDSers, for their part, are cautious souls beneath the revolutionary rhetoric. They like to leave legal escape routes whenever they go to war with society, and they seem to be scared silly by the directness of the black approach to revolution. And neither group feels great love for the AFTers who are attempting to ride the student strike for their own petty ends.

The AFTers represent the soft underbelly of the SFS radical alliance. Militants have taken to pushing them around and they are viewed with growing contempt by the general public, not only because there is something revolting about teachers screaming obscenities at students but also because they are so obviously creampuffs. (One of the few comic incidents at SFS occurred when Dr. William Stanton, the chubby old AFTer who shakes his fists at students and calls them punks, called a garbage collector a "f---ing scab." The garbage man threatened to poleaxe the professor, who prudently hid himself behind several of the policemen he likes to abuse. Clearly, the working classes imperfectly understand the prerogatives conferred by academic freedom.) The AFTers have been discred-

SAN FRANCISCO STATE

Cracks in the Coalition

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

ited by more than just deficient morals and manners, however. The most important reason for their failure lies in the absurdity of their demands.

Most of the AFT demands can be dismissed with a tee-hee. They want, for instance, free parking, surely one of the puniest reasons yet given for taking a course of action which has led to violence and arson. Because the demands are silly, the AFT leaders have been as vague as possible about them, but as the strike drags on, the public is insisting on knowing just what the AFTers are asking for. The best they have been able to do in giving some reasons for the strike is to imply that they are underpaid and that they work too hard.

Moonshine Demands

Now the public has for years been conditioned to believe that teachers are overworked and underpaid. Thus, when an apparently sincere AFTer explains on a radio show that he has trouble buying shoes for his family on his salary, listeners are sympathetic. And when he vaguely compares his teaching load to a 60-hour work week, one can almost hear the clucks of commiseration. But recently some irreverent newsmen published a few figures. And people were startled to learn that the average salary for a nine-month year of a twelve-hour class load at San Francisco State was better than \$12,000.

The AFTers are not fazed by facts, however. They continue to insist that salaries at SFS are "30 to 40 per cent lower than at other comparable institutions." One racks one's brains to understand them. One finds that, according to the statistics published by the American Association of University Professors, the average SFS salary is equal to or greater than the average salary paid at well over *one-half* of our state universities. One begins to suspect that someone speaks with a forked tongue, unless, of course, the stuff the AFTers smoke has muddled them to the point where they sincerely believe that SFS is actually comparable to Amherst, Dartmouth and Princeton. (Or for that matter, Sioux Falls College.)

The grievance over working hours is also a canard. Most of the AFTers do have to teach twelve hours a week. Now if these were all advanced courses, and if each course required preparation of unfamiliar material, and if one

objected to a normal work week, there could be a legitimate gripe here. But the fact is that most of the courses at a place like SFS are fairly elementary, as familiar to the instructors as those old shoes they claim their children have to wear. There are few Herculean preparations required at SFS, and often there are no multiple preparations, since many instructors teach more than one section of the same course. Thus, in many cases, the normal load of four courses actually means only two or three preparations. And anyone who has put in time in academe knows that after a couple of years of teaching the same courses preparation often boils down to no more than a two-minute glance at old lecture notes.

The AFTer might still argue, of course, that he does not have the same time for research that his counterpart at Berkeley enjoys. And it is true that



professors at Berkeley teach only an average of five hours per week, the rest of their time presumably being spent in constructing those pleonastic little articles which litter learned journals. But SFS is *not* a university. Its faculty is *not* hired to do research. The instructor at a four-year college is hired *only* to teach. If he has a yen to do research, he goes to work at a place like Berkeley (where very few of the AFTers could get hired), rather than

at a college like San Francisco State.

One could ramble on like this forever, but the point should be a fairly obvious one. The demands of the AFT are moonshine, and the people of California, thanks to the long look they have been able to take at them, are getting fed up with the AFT. There is a move in Sacramento to cut off the salaries of striking teachers, and the teachers have begun to panic. One suspects that before the year is over, they will take whatever is offered to them rather than lose their jobs. And because the students and faculty have allied themselves so closely the collapse of the AFT strike will further weaken the student strike.

The cracks in the coalition are rapidly widening. The SDSers are no longer strong enough to stand by themselves. They desperately need the support of the black militants who provide the muscle and the AFTers who provide the academic respectability. But the black militants are militants in many cases only because if they do not go along with leaders like George Murray their heads will be broken. Hayakawa is one of the very few administrators with the sense to see this, and he has made a point of talking to Negro students individually. This is important, for indications are that if solid protection were guaranteed, Negro students by the score would break away from their hardcase leaders.

Room for Optimism

Thus, there is finally room for real optimism at SFS, and therefore, by implication, optimism at other campuses. Hayakawa has withstood the siege, public opinion has begun to turn decisively, and, perhaps most important of all, the cracks in the unnatural new radical coalition are gaping wide. Hayakawa has won at San Francisco State. The campus remains open, and those students who genuinely want to pursue their educations are free to do so. Admittedly, the circumstances are not pleasant, and one wishes that more was written about the bravery of those students who ignore abuse and obscenity and continue to attend classes. But things may soon be better, not only at SFS but across the country, if administrators will follow Hayakawa's example of getting tough without losing respect for the dignity of individual human beings. □

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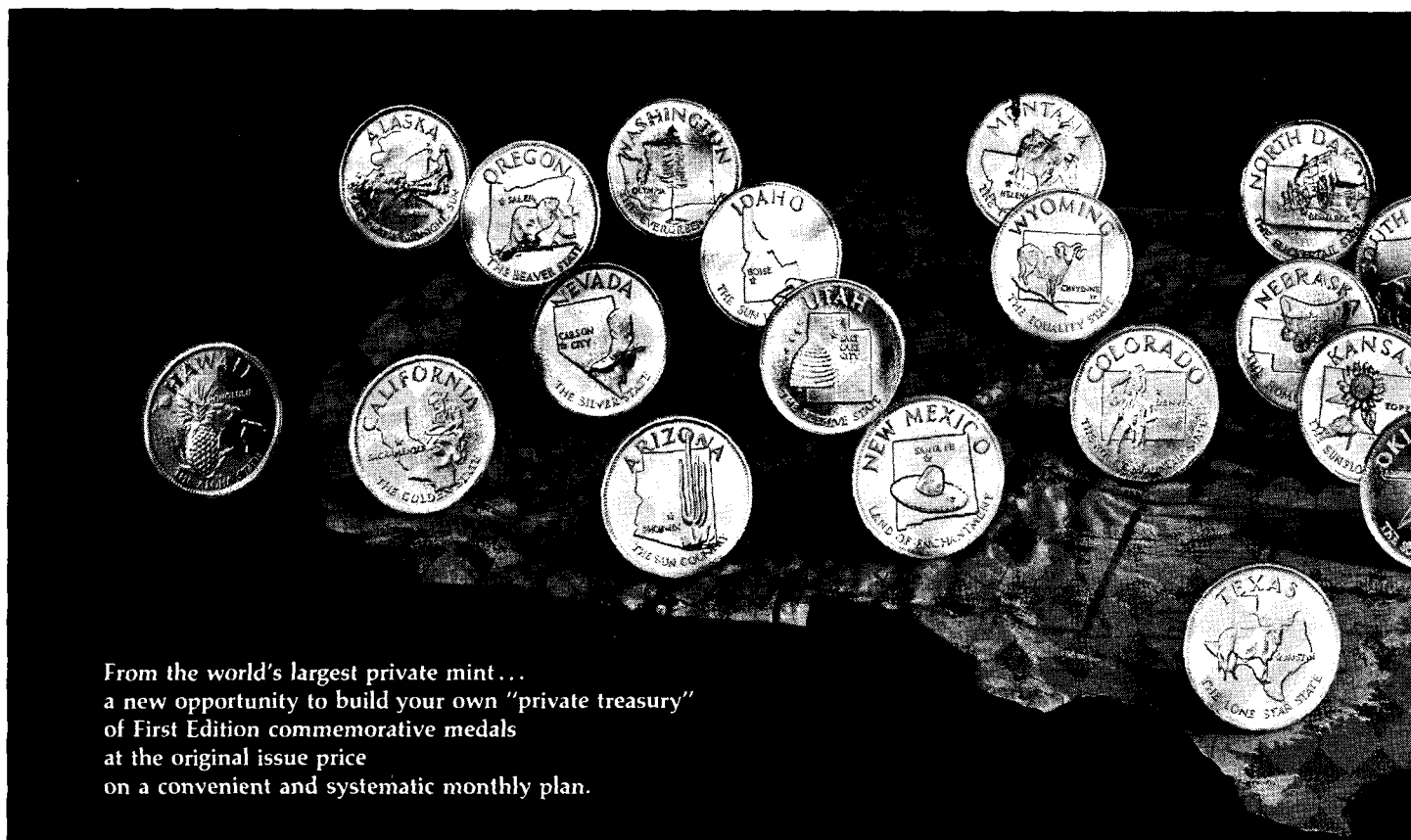
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Assuming the date to be December 31, 1969, mark each of the following statements "True" or "False" by placing an X in the proper box:

	TRUE	FALSE
1 The membership of Richard Nixon's cabinet is not identical with the starting lineup.	☐	☐
2 Enoch Powell has been expelled from the Conservative Party.	☐	☐
3 The UN General Assembly approved a resolution to admit Communist China to UN membership.	☐	☐
4 No single motion picture won more than five academy awards.	☐	☐
5 The Suez Canal remains closed to navigation.	☐	☐
6 US astronauts have landed on the moon and returned to earth.	☐	☐
7 At least one college or university president or dean was shot during 1969.	☐	☐
8 J. Edgar Hoover is no longer head of the FBI.	☐	☐
9 The franc has been devalued by 5 per cent or more.	☐	☐
10 The New York Times is publishing a political cartoon on its daily editorial page.	☐	☐
11 Johnny Carson is no longer host of the "Tonight" show.	☐	☐
12 The price of gold on the London market exceeds \$42 an ounce.	☐	☐
13 The New York Giants beat the New York Jets in their pre-season exhibition game.	☐	☐
14 Jacqueline Onassis gave birth to a baby in 1969.	☐	☐
15 At least one of the following is no longer a head of government: Francisco Franco, Charles de Gaulle, Mao Tse-tung.	☐	☐
16 John V. Lindsay has been reelected Mayor of New York City.	☐	☐
17 At least two of the following died in 1969: Bertrand Russell, Antonio Salazar, Harry S. Truman, Pablo Casals, Pablo Picasso.	☐	☐
18 President Nixon has appointed at least two justices to the Supreme Court.	☐	☐
19 Of the following magazines, at least one is no longer being published: Avant-Garde , US News & World Report , Town & Country , Harpers , the Nation .	☐	☐
20 The Dow-Jones Industrial Index is higher than it was on December 31, 1968.	☐	☐
21 Nguyen Van Thieu is still head of the South Vietnamese government.	☐	☐
22 At least two of the following are in jail: Jerry Rubin, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Eldridge Cleaver, Muhammad Ali, Odinga Odinga.	☐	☐
23 25,000 or more foreign troops remain in Czechoslovakia.	☐	☐
24 It still costs six cents to mail a first class letter.	☐	☐
25 New York City public schools have been closed at least once because of labor or staff disputes.	☐	☐

In the event of a tie, the entry with the closest answer to the following question will be the winner:

According to the latest Publisher's Sworn Statement, the circulation of **National Review Magazine** is _____.

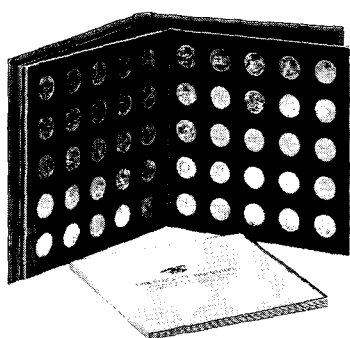


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THE PLACARD ON Europeanist Norman Cantor's office door read: "No Surrender to Fascists and Racists, White or Black!" "Abram [whose civil rights record is unimpeachable] is a fork-tongued Georgia Cracker," declared *Brandeis Black Bulletin* #2 From Malcolm X University. "LIES LIES LIES GENERATED BY THE PRESIDENT TO JUSTIFY TAKING VIOLENT ACTION," *Black Bulletin* continued, as President Abram eschewed violence. "The list of demands is presented as a symbolic bill of damages so vast and illimitable that they can never be settled in our lifetime," wrote Marvin Meyers in a statement signed by 84 other professors, which metamorphosed into a letter to the *Times*. When the first Ph.D. dissertation is ground out on Brandeis' crisis by some hopeful graduate student, he'll be hampered by no lack of source material.

For eleven days in mid-January, 65 to 75 Negroes occupied Ford Hall, cut off communications and use of the computer while Brandeis went to pieces. As predicted (*NR*, January 28), most of their demands were met instantly, "at the point of a gun," by Mr. Abram, who had vowed "never [to] negotiate at the point of a gun." "Final deadlines" for vacating Ford passed as the president repeatedly extended them. Amnesty was promised, then withdrawn as Abram suspended the Negroes, then granted again as *quid pro quo* for leaving Ford—in time to take exams. What Abram first called "an affront to every principle of the university" is still "absolutely unjustified," according to his February letter to the Brandeis community. Nevertheless, he "welcome[d] the black students back into our student body," promising "positive and speedy responses by the university to [your] legitimate and deeply felt needs." Such is the stuff of which Grand Guignol, comic opera, and UN debates on sanctions against Israel are made.

Negro threats to destroy campus buildings went unfulfilled, and a white strike fizzled. Professor Max Lerner noticed prior to exams that two strikers were in his class: "No revolution was ever mounted on the proposition that revolutionaries cannot miss the last class," observed Lerner.

There were only two acts of violence: five Negro women students demolished the library reserve room; and fifty white *sans-culottes* interrupted Professor I. Milton Sacks' class, assaulting

him with epithets—"fascist" and "racist" were favorites—and chastising him for calling Negroes "Negroes," not "blacks." But Sacks bested the "atrocious barbarians," as he termed his unwanted visitors.

Care packages came daily to Ford, supplying "enough food for at least two months." It's true; they could have stayed all spring, churning out pamphlets to dramatize their hallucination that ultra-liberal Jewish Brandeis is a seedbed of rampant racism. Escalating their original ten demands to 32, the Negroes nearly nonplussed the usually cool Abram, who muttered about "imperilled academic standards" and then gamely went on negotiating. It was a mistake, we learned next day: the 32 merely "clarified" the ten into "32 components"; nothing was changed. Abram missed his calling; Henry Cabot Lodge needs him in Paris.

'Crisis Atmosphere'

No hero, but one heroine, emerged: a *vox clamantis*, Negro mother Mrs. Aloisa Scull, stormed Ford with her umbrella, yelling: "Christopher Carambo, you come out of there. Speak to me, Christopher!" She then led her freshman son out, and home. Mrs. Scull's acumen brightened a situation of parental nonfeasance compounded by administration and faculty flaccidity. The serried faculty met to debate endlessly how to preserve dignity, as Professor John Roche told me: "Faculty irresponsibility never costs anything; professors can do or say anything." Job-like President Abram somehow survived to haggle with the obdurate Negroes; sixty Aloisa Sculls would have accomplished more.

When they finally vacated Ford, the Negroes vowed to continue their struggle to compel submission to their remaining demand: absolute Negro student control over the choice of a director for their new Afro-American Studies Department. (The faculty hastily approved the new department, over-

turning previous votes on the subject.) This demand, like the others, is "non-negotiable" to the Negroes. "We won't compromise our principles; our struggle is to the end; we've learned new revolutionary tactics." *Justice*, the (white) student newspaper which excoriated anyone rightward of Allard Lowenstein all fall, leapt in straightaway, approving the Negro demands down the line. The striking whites supported the take-over tactic, too, while most of Brandeis' 2,700 students strongly sympathized with the Negroes but wouldn't jeopardize their futures by boycotting exams.

Seventy-five per cent of Brandeis students are Jewish, mostly upper-middle-class, with enough family support for them to indulge in extremist politics. No Waspishy prevails at Brandeis. If anything, the Gentiles take their cue from the Jews. Their young radical idols? Mark Rudd, Abbie Hoffman et al. An oppressive conformity prevails among Brandeis students, as Politics grad student Diane Paul observes: "They're notoriously neurotic. They kill themselves trying to compete academically while hewing to the line socially and politically. The Left sets the limits of discourse."

Faculty sentiments are anything but stable. Humphrey liberals all, the hardliners veer between Marvin Meyers' approach (defending "the delicate fabric of reason and dialogue," protesting that universities are not institutions which "can repair all the damages of history"), through that of Professor David Fischer (who sees the Afro-American Department as "pedagogically unjustified"), to that of Professors Roche and Sacks. Former Dean of Students Sacks (and forty colleagues) feels that a "crisis atmosphere" led to the faculty's vote for the department. "We will henceforth live in fear; we can no longer live by principles." The Negroes imposed "humiliating conditions," and their proposed department has "no academic validity; it's a purely political demand."

John Roche's syndicated column voices his position, the hardest faculty

BRANDEIS

Doves v. Hawks on Campus

DAVID BRUDNOY

line in print: "We [liberal academicians] created our own difficulties the day we decided that a . . . university should double as a settlement house." The Negroes "are not all stupid, but they are unqualified to compete with highly articulate members of the top 5 per cent of the graduating classes of the nation's best schools." Roche, former intellectual-in-residence in the White House, has been shafted repeatedly by students since returning to Brandeis—because he supported LBJ's Vietnam policies. Roche says the white students are spending "half their time confessing sins they never committed to try to convince Negroes they are not 'white racists'"; he considers the Negroes as "not culturally sophisticated," but "plenty smart. They realize their survival in this high-powered atmosphere depends on a sanctuary—not subject to normal academic controls."

Closet Dramas

A faculty moderate is Dean Charles Schottland of the Heller School of Social Work, who favors general student participation in hiring policies. The dean calls threatened faculty resignations "foolish." Negro students feel "academically threatened by their better prepared white peers," he says. But separatist demands for Negro control (in which "liberals have joined with reactionaries") were "nonsense three years ago, nonsense now."

The "doves" fly all the way from impassioned concern for ameliorating social wrongs, through acquiescence to Negro demands, to full-scale revolutionism. Bright young John Demos, now teaching Negro history, had doubts initially about the validity of an Afro-American Studies Department but, he told me, when "I saw the kind of commitment . . . on the part of the black students, the strength of their feelings . . ." he realized the difference between *department* and *program* was "for them in a literal sense a life and death matter." Not only would administrative force have been unthinkable in light of their "willingness to die," but also, "their demands had to be viewed in a very special light. . . . No other members of the university could conceivably fasten on any other academic issue and be able to feel that their lives depended on it. This is, I suppose, a measure of what it means to be black in a white society." Professor Demos said, how-

ever: "I would *not* regard such a response as necessarily appropriate if other groups should use the same tactic—for example, white students of the radical Left or Right." (Of the latter, Brandeis has none.)

Advocating the softest line—acquiescence to whatever Negroes want—are Professor Allen Grossman and eighteen colleagues who have supported *all* the Negro demands from the start because they are "conditions for learning." The Negroes, Grossman feels, recognize what white students eventually *must* see: "tenure protects professors, insulating them from *relevant* student needs. Because of the epistemology of black experiences, blacks will be taught *only* under the circumstances they've demanded." (I've taught at a Negro college for two years; Grossman is dead wrong.) "A black department," he says in utter seriousness, "would have a fervor, a religious enthusiasm, which the professors, promoting their parochial concerns, fear."

Grossman castigates private universities and their "vested-interest constituency. The university profoundly distrusts its students—particularly its

blacks, who it fears will set up training centers for urban guerrillas." Since Brandeis is "corrupt and irrelevant, to get *real* academic freedom, teachers *must* give up some personal security, and provide a *transaction* for the students." Professor Grossman, adored by students, describes himself as an "anarchic, individualistic, reactionary radical" [!], a "teacher, not a scholar." *Dr.* Grossman feels it's arrogant for a university with a non-Ph.D. like Abram as president and a faculty including degree-less Professor Philip Rahv of *Partisan Review* to demand that Negroes in the new program have degrees: "Eldridge Cleaver must eventually wind up on a college faculty."

Yale and Harvard have agreed to Afro-American majors (further emphasizing race and fragmenting Americans into tighter ethnic groupings); Brandeis goes them one better: a full department. But the matter of control is still undecided. "If . . . a poor professor . . . is department head, he will attract professors like him and repel professors different than him. It is a law of academic selection." (Morris Abram, *Newsweek*, January 27.) With-



"They've seized the East Campus dining hall and locked the dietician in the warming oven until we agree to strike Mock Macaroni and Cheese from the menu."

out so much as a blush, the doves swallow the department—and some take the added pill of student control—and yet contend that Brandeis will maintain its integrity.

An underlying issue, currently in vogue in the journals, is the particular nature of Jewish responses to Negro pressures in the face of mounting Negro antisemitism. Professor Fischer recognizes Jewish fears of Negro antisemitism and a “special quality of guilt and anxiety” in Brandeis Jews. Professor Sacks says the “Jewish constituency [which supports this college, constantly in need of funds] must be defended.” Capitulation to Negro “blackmail will hurt our colleagues in other colleges, with the public, and in the Jewish community.” Professor Grossman says this “Jewish liberal university never encountered pluralism until the blacks came—it won’t tolerate it.” Grossman reminded me that Brandeis Board Chairman Lawrence Wien is also on the Columbia Board. We all know about Columbia. . . . An added dimension for Max Lerner is that Quaker Swarthmore and Jewish Brandeis are the current targets—he recalls the Communist attacks on the liberals first in the Thirties, which made “their point that the whole system was rotten.”

As Jewish communities in New York and Boston set up endless discussions to thrash out the Negro-Jewish issue, the liberal *Boston Jewish Advocate* editorially denounced the Negroes’ “sheer disregard of all codes of decent behavior and of law and order” (see who’s for law and order now) and revealed that Brandeis Negro strike leader Randall Bailey is half Jewish. His Jewish mother mentioned that her son is a former Hebrew Teachers’ College student, former Hebrew teacher and cantor, and a “passionate Zionist.” This must be somewhat ironic for Randy Bailey; it’s certainly confusing for the rest of us. The “Jewish factor” is hardly reducible to statistical analysis or neatly fit into the Brandeis picture these days.

I am not suggesting that crypto-antisemitism is the major ingredient in the present Brandeis stew, though interesting touches do focus attention on it. For example, the Negroes renamed captured Ford Hall after the antisemitic Malcolm X; immediately, a local Jewish Brandeis alumni group, with touching masochism, announced a campaign to raise \$50,000 for Negro scholarships

to be named in honor of Malcolm. (This flight of chutzpah was grounded by a higher alumni agency.) Following the June 1967 war, SDS (Sophomoric Demolition Sodality) dusted off old charges about Zionist imperialism; Jewish SDSers nationwide swallowed hard, but took it. A type of hypersensitivity and overcompensation among American Jews has often been noticed; it’s contagious, even in the closet dramas called faculty meetings, where various Jewish factors become rhetorical devices: “We Jews have always been the blacks of the Gentiles,” pled some squishy-softs; no, “Remember Munich and the rest: Negroes now behave like Nazis then,” retorted some hawk-hearts. Much may be made of this in coming months, elucidating nothing, and more Jewish philanthropists may reduce or suspend their gifts to Brandeis (as one threatened over local television); perhaps Abram’s office will continue to deny that the Jewish factor matters.

Maybe it matters less than some imagine. As John Coyne showed in his article on San Francisco State (*NR*, January 28), the issues are roughly the same whatever the college: “What the militants really want is to destroy the college.” Coyne might well have meant Brandeis, where the militants *do* want to destroy the university—as it is. Some Negro students, writes distinguished Negro columnist Carl Rowan, “have become timid lackeys of the least thinking elements on campus. This train of hostility is approaching . . . insanity. The tactics they employ in the name of racial pride are really manifestations of self-hatred, and the sheepish way they follow the loudest demagogue is not manhood but the ‘boy’ quality that they have been taught to despise.” Of nationwide separatist demands, which implicitly figure in the Brandeis imbroglio, Negro scholar Kenneth Clark says: “They are totally unacceptable—morally, legally, and educationally. Somebody has to have the guts to say this to these kids.”

But, with outside whites like Boston College Law Dean Robert Drinan to goad them on—“If black students [demand] a separate, Negro-controlled department of black studies . . . they should be listened to”—and a guru-in-residence like Allen Grossman eloquently serenading an imagined “free” university, some Negroes and their many white cohorts are trying to bring

Brandeis to its knees. Liberal colleges have sponsored their own black-letter days before; it would be sad if, in the name of social justice, they were this time to bend over so much in going beyond sensible reverse discrimination as to fracture their liberalism permanently. Unfortunately, at Brandeis today, Gresham’s Law is operative: cheap philosophizing drives out the good. □

Burgher King

Munching his hamburger in the Faculty Club

I heard the eminent economist propound

His world model machine of happiness
Based on a future of programmed abundance.

“And if you want grace or holy communion

You’ll press the button and we’ll give you an hour,”

He burped, still swilling the coffee down,

His fat face beaming joy the table around.

Ibid

Professor Stewart E. Stalwart
Has finally completed his book
On the Aesthetics of the Absurd
Theater he has devoted his life to—

Teaching, the meticulous goatee,
His life-long marshmallow in progress—

Having earned him promotion after promotion

And a reputation for scholarly prowess.

Fed by foundations and recondite sources

Through the years—respected among his peers

For his mild drum-beating for fashionable causes;

Knowing how to quaver, prick up and pink his ears.

Professor Stewart E. Stalwart
Sits back now feeling strangely dejected

But he looks forward to complete death
Which may unearth him in a footnote

Epigram: Martial

Cinna seems fizz

And is.

RICHARD O’CONNELL

*'The student of today may be more serious-minded than
his predecessors, but to lack a sense of humor
is not the same thing as to possess a sense of responsibility,'
says Mr. Sparrow. He suggests they cool it*

Revolting Students

JOHN SPARROW

COULD IT HAPPEN here?" people in Great Britain have asked themselves during the last year or two, reading accounts of riots and disturbances in the universities of California and Columbia, of Rome and Berlin, and, most recently, of Paris.

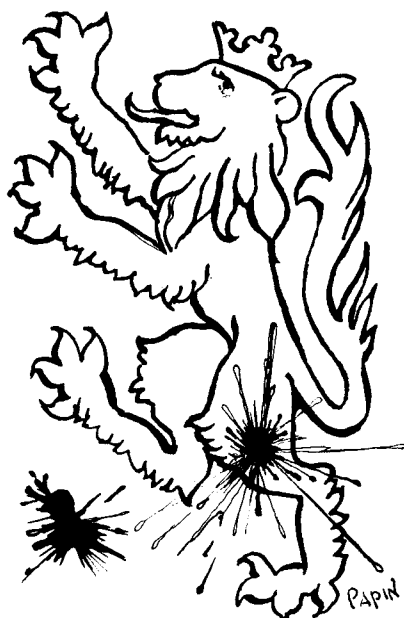
Well, it has happened here; on a small scale, but with ugly enough results, at the London School of Economics, for instance, and in the universities of Leicester and Canterbury and Hull and Essex.

"Ah, but it couldn't happen *here*," people inside the walls of Oxford and Cambridge have reassured themselves, as they read accounts of what was going on in other British universities.

Well, recently it has begun to happen in Oxford and in Cambridge; and "How much further will it go?" is the question that the dons have now been forced to ask themselves.

What is the "it" that forms the subject of these questions? "Student unrest," "student protest," "student riots," "student violence," "the movement for student power"—these are phrases that have been used to cover a wide variety of actions and attitudes and opinions; let us look at some of them and see what they have in common.

In universities all over the world students—often with the help, open or clandestine, of junior teachers—have taken to the use, violent or nonviolent, of force. This display of force has been directed sometimes towards political, sometimes towards academic ends. In the political field, the students' aim has usually been either to challenge the government and what it stands for (for instance, in the U.S., the war and the draft; in Britain, "biological" warfare and "racism"; in France, the General, the regime and the *société de consom-*



mation), or else to prevent others from expressing on such issues opinions that differ from their own; visiting speakers are howled down, threatened, or actually assaulted. In the academic field, the students' immediate aims have been various. Sometimes they are seeking to obtain remedies, badly needed in a number of universities, for particular deficiencies such as inadequate lecture halls and lodgings and inefficient, uninterested or absentee professors and tutors. Sometimes they aim at effecting changes in the curriculum (e.g. more "socially relevant" subjects, or the abolition of examinations), in the administration (e.g. proportional or majority representation for students on boards and governing bodies) or in the regulations governing student life (e.g. freedom from restrictions on indulgence in sexual intercourse).

All these manifestations have been

characterized by one common feature: the students have relied not on pressure exerted along constitutional lines, nor on the backing of their claims by a majority, still less on reasoned argument, but simply on force or the threat of force: they seem to have learned the lesson inculcated in Régis Debray's *Revolution in the Revolution?*, that "to show force is in effect to use it."

In their encounters with authority students usually avoid being the first to have recourse to actual violence. Some of them, no doubt, are believers in "passive resistance," but usually the predominant reason is a prudential one: it is better tactics to provoke violence than to start it; thus one creates martyrs for one's cause and justifies retaliation. Herbert Marcuse, however, on the plane of theory and Debray on the plane of practice agree that if the authorities will not respond to provocation it may be necessary for the student guerrillas to initiate violent action themselves. To see how far students will go along that line one need only look at Paris, where their leaders were evidently trained in the tactics of a *force de frappe*, and acted in accordance with the precepts of Debray's guerrilla manual.

Nothing quite like the occupation of the Sorbonne has yet happened over here; but during the last year or so the character and scale of student protest in England have undergone a sinister and significant change: the protest march—a mere declaration of opinion and display of feeling—has given place to the sit-in, which achieves its ends by force. The students, in fact, have made an important discovery, and it is this: a small but determined group, however unreasonable their claims and however slight the volume of support they com-

mand, can by deploying their strength physically at appropriate points completely paralyze the university machine, so long as the authorities in charge of that machine are not prepared to take strong action against them.

To exploit this discovery, to gain your ends by force and by intimidation and not by reasoned argument, is of course to substitute the methods of the bully and the blackmailer for the code that prevails in civilized societies and to challenge the order of values that universities, beyond all other institutions, are supposed to maintain and inculcate. But that is exactly what the strategists who direct the operations of students in revolt are out to do: "We are not really protesting against Vietnam, we are protesting against Society," said one student the other day. "For long-term perspective—Marx; for contemporary orientation—Marcuse; for tactics—Debray," was the *confessio fidei* of another. "Radical transformation of the status quo" is called for by a Jamaican leader of student revolt in Oxford, who declares that "student power needs for its completion a wider social upheaval against authoritarianism."

Need for Grievances

For those who think in such terms, revolt in the universities is only the first stage in a comprehensive social and political revolution, and the students form the spearhead of a larger force engaged in bringing it about. This objective clearly inspired the student leaders from all over the world who took part in the recent TV program *Students in Revolt*. The word "liberalism," innocently let fall by the question-master, evoked growls of angry protest from the whole assembly, as if an obscenity had been uttered. Evidently for these students liberal reforms, whether in the state or in the universities, would only patch up a structure that they would like to shatter completely—how completely, appeared from the contribution of the English representative, Tariq Ali, who came out boldly in favor of the abolition of money. "We are inventing a new and original world," said Cohn-Bendit's men in Paris; "Imagination is seizing power."

Most students in England find such an anarchic and patently impracticable gospel difficult to swallow, and the engineers of revolt do not waste time attempting to indoctrinate them. If you

are a rebel leader, you don't succeed by attracting converts, you attract converts by succeeding: revolution first, revolutionaries afterward. But to stimulate revolutionary action in the universities you must find practical issues that will unite students in opposition to authority: hence the need for grievances.

Grievances, however, are not enough: you must have a favorable atmosphere. Such an atmosphere exists today in universities all over the world, and not only in universities. It has been generated by a mood that set in during the Sixties and now affects a large proportion of the young. It is not an angry or a rebellious mood, but those who are subject to it offer an innocent and easy prey to the engineers of revolt. These potential rebels are not actively defiant or militantly hostile to their elders or to authority, personal or impersonal: rather, they are uncomprehending, alienated and inclined to be contemptuous; for them, the generations confront each other not on a battlefield but across a gulf, the under-25s against the over-30s.

These representatives of the younger generation claim that boys and girls of eighteen are, nowadays, fully mature sexually and ought therefore to be treated in every respect as adult citizens. They are slow to take anything on trust from their elders, and feel a sense of solidarity with students of other universities and with the young of other countries. They see an issue of principle involved in every conflict with authority and are eager to take a stand upon it. Serious-minded and high-minded, they have no constructive ideas or positive ideals, beyond an eclectic pacifism (war is absolutely wrong, unless waged on behalf of colored people), an egalitarianism that is simply humanitarianism in rational dress (all human beings should be treated as if they were equal), and a passion for justice that is not really a desire that people should get what they deserve, but a pedantic insistence on uniformity: if some culprits escape, it is unjust—they call it "victimizing"—to punish those that are caught.

Like most of their contemporaries, these students are less interested in political than in ethical and aesthetic questions. In the field of morals they challenge not merely particular conventions but convention itself, which for them is something linked with the past, artificial, and tainted with hypocrisy. As for art, they care more about it

than for it; indeed, the avant garde among them favor "anti-art," rejecting the hitherto accepted idea of art as a special form of conscious creative activity in favor of Op Art, Pop Art, the "happening" and the "live-in." Many of them find their spokesmen on ethical and aesthetic questions in the leaders of the pop groups and the pot groups. "The *Mona Lisa* is a load of crap," said John Lennon, the chief of the Beatles, whose excursions into mystical philosophy are, it seems, taken seriously by the young. "We are not old men; we are not worried by petty morals," declared Keith Richards, one of the Rolling Stones. "I don't see what's wrong in going on trips" was the libertarian doctrine propounded by Mick Jagger, the handsome animal who leads the group, after his conviction on a drug charge. "It's up to me to pick the things I want to do, and I will."

'Direct Action Works'

Confronted with this sort of challenge, many of the middle-aged, whether dons or outside observers of the university scene, take refuge either in shocked horror or in affected toleration. Both reactions are misjudged. You may lack sympathy with the students' ideas and the dress and style of life in which some of them express their protest against conventional respectability—the shaggy hair, the dirty jeans, the bare feet on the pavements, the sluts, male and female, making love (if that is the word for it) in the streets, the drugs, the pills, the squalor, the whole apparatus of the Dirt for Dirt's Sake movement—that, after all, is only a matter of taste. But you should not conclude, because you find the fashion revolting, that those who follow it are in revolt; and even if they are, you should judge the claims of revolutionaries, like everybody else's claims, by the arguments that support them, not by the appearance and manners of some of those who put them forward.

Equally mistaken are the elderly ostriches, both inside and outside the universities, who pretend to themselves that nothing is really happening, and see no more in it all than a superficial craze of no significance, like the fashions that flourished between the wars, the Oxford trousers and the Eton crop—"the young have always enjoyed shocking their elders." That is as great a mistake as it would be to equate the supra-political gospel of today's leaders of student revolt with the positive and



specific enthusiasms of the 1930s for the ideals of the Communist and Socialist parties. No, the "new wave" is really new; it gives expression to an undercurrent of feeling both genuine and deep, a dissatisfaction, inarticulate and often only half-conscious, with the whole of present-day Western civilization. Such a mood, uncertain and lacking positive beliefs, can obviously be turned to practical account by engineers of revolution like the nihilistic leaders of *Students in Revolt*.

The press and television—in this country the *Times* and the *Observer* are particularly bad offenders—have done much to exaggerate the myth of student power and to encourage a natural tendency on the part of students to imitate the exploits that they read about. With such assistance from the mass media, the militant activists can play on the prevailing mood and cripple a whole university by sheer force; but they will not maintain their momentum or keep their revolution on foot, provided the authorities meet them with decision, unless there are real and substantial grievances for their followers to complain about. A vice-chancellor, therefore, who is apprehensive about an outbreak of revolt in his university should ask himself two questions. First, what proportion of my students are likely to lend an ear to the professed leaders of revolt? Second, do conditions in the university afford grievances that a responsible majority would accept as justifying direct action?

Let me try to answer these questions with references to Oxford—and, like Henry James, "when I say Oxford, I mean Cambridge," for, in this matter at least, what goes for one of the two ancient universities goes for the other.

In Oxford certainly there exists the same nucleus of extremists as in other universities, forming and re-forming

themselves into committees that work "Toward the Oxford Revolution." There is also a much larger number who are indeterminate in their attitude, conscious of their status as students and very ready to challenge the authorities if an immediate issue arises, but feeling no *a priori*, doctrinaire hostility towards them. Finally, there is an inconspicuous mass of ordinary undergraduates who are pretty well content with the syllabus, the administration and the conditions of undergraduate life in Oxford, and are frankly not interested in reforming the University. These last are quite out of sympathy with "direct action," dislike violence, and resent being associated with the image of "the student" that the extremists have foisted on the public mind.

What proportion do the last two elements bear to one another? It is difficult to say. But the other day an incident occurred that acted as a precipitant upon the mixture. On Whit-Monday some two hundred students swarmed into the Clarendon Building, occupied the office of the Proctors and compelled them, after five hours or so, by force of numbers and refusal to budge, to withdraw a proctorial regulation. The rebels were exultant. "It was because of the direct action we have taken that the Proctors gave in," they declared. "Direct action works."

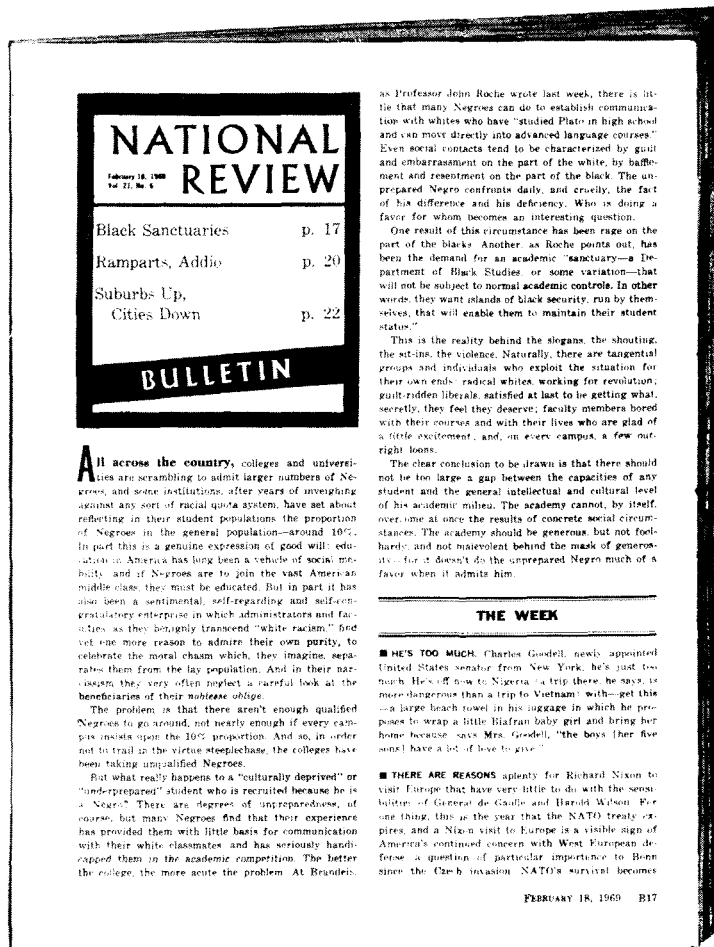
Full publicity was given to this exploit in the press. What was not so fully publicized was the fact that a good proportion of the crowd were there out of curiosity or were actually opposed to the rebels, and that next day over a thousand undergraduates signed a manifesto deploring the action and dissociating themselves from it. (The *Times*, which gave headlines to the "riot," reported the protest against it in small type at the bottom of a column.) A week later there appeared in

Isis an article by an undergraduate criticizing the Proctors for appeasing "petty dictators who want to force their ideas on the whole of student society," and a letter from another undergraduate declaring that "activism defeats its own ends" and suggesting that the retreat of the Proctors "in the face of action from a minority" was "sad, because it is the first step towards more militancy." I believe that such protests represent feelings overwhelmingly preponderant among ordinary undergraduates, and that they are symptoms of a healthy reaction (called a "backlash"—with a hint of the *sjambok*—by its opponents) against the use of force by student rebels.

Since this incident occurred, self-examination has quickened in Oxford: questionnaires have been circulating among undergraduates and dons, and in many colleges there have been meetings of the JCR (Junior Common Room, not *Jeunesse Communiste Révolutionnaire*), all concerned with student conditions. The picture that emerges from it all is pretty clear. The physical conditions in which undergraduates and graduate students live and work, and their relations with the dons, are far, far better in Oxford, largely through the operation of the College and tutorial systems, than in American and Continental universities and most if not all other universities in England. Oxford students, before they complain, should compare their "miseries" and "sufferings" with those of the faceless hordes crowded out of lecture rooms in the *universita di massa* in Rome, or of the unfortunates who try to find digs in Nanterre or a Liberal Arts tutor on the campus at Berkeley or a lavatory in the LSE: they just don't know how fortunate they are. Most of them, however, do know it, and are in no hurry to follow the

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militants to the barricades in protest about the conditions under which they live and work; nor even, I suspect, in the cause of what the activists' committee delicately calls "mixed visiting overnight in colleges"—the item that heads their menu of outstanding grievances.

Nonetheless, there remains a volume of undergraduate feeling that is dissatisfied about *something*, and it is to uncover the roots of this discontent and if possible to remove them that the University has recently set up a committee under Professor H. L. A. Hart, a jurist far enough to the Left in his views to satisfy all but the extremists (who of course write him off as an elderly liberal and his committee as a sham). A look at some of the draft submissions prepared by JCRs for the Hart Committee, talks with representative groups of undergraduates and an analysis of the opinion polls that float around the University, reveal pretty plainly, I think, the nature of the trouble. It is a failure of confidence, and a double failure: the undergraduates seem to have lost confidence in the dons, and the dons to have lost confidence in themselves. It is the task of the Hart Committee to restore that confidence—to the dons just as much as to the undergraduates.

Academic Shop-stewards

It is doubtful whether the JCR documents represent the views of the generality of the students, but the main remedies that they suggest indicate what it is that worries such of them as are in favor of reform. They are concerned about work and discipline; they do not want to do away with examinations, to have a hand in appointing the professors, or to abolish the Proctors; but they feel that the authorities in Oxford should be more fully aware of the students' opinions, and that when changes are decided upon they should be put more quickly into effect. To achieve this, they ask that representatives, appointed by a Student Council, should sit on university bodies controlling matters that affect junior members, and that elaborate legal machinery should be instituted to deal with disciplinary offenses.

Both the form and the substance of the students' demand suggest that its real purpose is not to seize power, but to remedy a breakdown in communications: they want to be assured that those who are on the other side of the gulf

that separates, or seems to separate, the teachers from the taught, really listen to their complaints, understand what they are saying, and are concerned about their interests. If "representation" through a Student Council were the only method of achieving this, or of reassuring the students themselves about it, the University might be wise to accede to their proposals. But there are several reasons for hoping that Professor Hart's Committee will find some other means of satisfying the students' wishes.

I pass by the practical difficulties, which are serious enough. To recognize a Student Council, as a body that through its elected members represents and speaks for the mass of undergraduate and graduate students, would be to introduce into the life of the University an element quite alien to a place of learning and more suited to an industrial enterprise, where workers' representatives bargain with the management in an atmosphere of mutual mistrust. The activists are already academic shop-stewards: do not let us turn the colleges into students' cooperatives!

Furthermore, recognition of the Student Council as the official representative body would lead to the by-passing of the more direct and sensitive channels of communication that already exist both inside and outside the colleges. Recognition of "one centralized representative body would, in the end," as the University's reply puts it, "be bound to weaken the multiple structure of representation of junior members which now exists." In other words, a single body, which spoke for at most a small "political" element in the University, would in effect silence the voices of the generality of students whom it professed to represent.

In fact, of course, students are not "academically adult"; it is a purpose of their university education to make them so. To suggest that a professor or tutor is no better qualified to judge about administration, appointments, and curriculum than is the pupil he instructs is to confess to a failure on the part of the University that he and they belong to. A boy of nineteen, however sexually adult, cannot be expected to display the informed judgment or to possess the experience of the academic system (which is too complicated to be picked up in the course of a three-year sojourn) that would qualify him to sit side-by-side with his elders in consultative or administrative councils. There are, indeed, youthful students with judgments

older than their years, just as there are dons who are mature in nothing but their age, and dons who in the course of years have lost all touch with the world around them; but these are exceptions that do not upset the rule.

If it is suggested that the undergraduates of the 1960s have a more adult sense of responsibility than those of earlier generations, the reply is surely that though the student of today may be far more serious-minded than his predecessors, to lack a sense of humor is not the same thing as to possess a sense of responsibility. For confirmation of that axiom one need only reflect upon the attitude of the teen-age generation on the question of drugs, and upon the readiness with which many of the students have themselves swallowed the nostrums offered by the leaders of revolt.

Two Kinds of University

As for discipline: it would be deplorable to attempt to reproduce within the University a counterpart of the criminal courts, with their "adversary" system and elaborate safeguarding machinery. First, the students would find themselves worse off for the change—for the complaints about the proctorial system are entirely theoretic: in practice (as the figures put forward by the University demonstrate), the system is most sympathetically administered and has given rise in recent years to no specific complaints of injustice. Second—and perhaps more important—a legalistic system, with the parties at arms' length, would replace the mutual confidence that should subsist between members of an academic community, and for the most part exists in Oxford between the dons and 99 per cent of the undergraduates. Least desirable of all is the suggestion that the University should disclaim all responsibility for discipline, leaving its members if they broke the law of the land, to the mercies of the police. The best solution is to be sought along exactly opposite lines—by placing greater reliance, for discipline as for consultation, upon the domestic machinery afforded by the colleges.

The suggestion that student discipline is no concern of academic authorities well illustrates the difference between two kinds of university. On the one hand is the academic institute which exists solely to train for, and confer, degrees, regarding students simply as citizen academic workers, with whom it

(Continues on page 191)

BRAVE NEW WORLD



PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

It would hardly seem necessary, after twenty years of intense discussion in the American conservative movement, to reiterate in these pages one of the central political axioms of that movement—that the modern state, in its massive growth, is the primary instrumentality of liberal utopianism and the greatest contemporary enemy of man's freedom and spiritual growth. Yet the appearance in the last issue of *NATIONAL REVIEW* (Feb. 11) of Mr. Kenneth Melvin's dithyramb of the welfare state "Big Brother is Dead Too," proves that even in conservative circles old errors never die, that intellectually as well as politically "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

In an apparent hope that our disgust with the nihilistic students and black revolutionaries around us will have deadened our critical faculties and blotted every lesson of history from our minds, Mr. Melvin presents to us, not only as the sole alternative to threatening anarchy, but as the ultimate haven of human hopes—the totalizing bureaucratic state:

If welfarism is to operate, it requires pervasive bureaucracy and conformity for the effective discharge of its *ever-widening* tasks. This is where Orwell et al. missed the point. They believed that human nature is intrinsically individualistic, and that men would therefore resent and rebel against conformism in even its benign forms. The stubborn fact is that mankind has an inveterate mass-disposition to prefer the comfort of security to the loneliness of self-sufficiency. The bureaucratic state suits most men for most of the time. [My emphasis.]

Shades of Wittfogel! Shades of Voegelin! So ran the writ of every oriental despotism, every cosmological civilization. It is the very glory of the West, and of its Hellenic and Hebraic civilizational ancestry, that we have always raised the standard of the person

against this age-old nostalgia of mass-men for slavish security. So the murmuring Jews in the wilderness railed against Moses:

Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full.

It is clear, both from history and from theory: the greater the security, the closer to slavery; the firmer the self-reliance, the deeper the freedom; the deeper the freedom, the wider the human achievement.

THE MASSIVE bureaucratic state is and always has been the polar opposite of freedom and self-reliance. For obvious reasons. Power breeds power, and state control over the economy and over the lives of human beings limits liberty more and more drastically.

Acton has been quoted and requoted till perhaps the edge has been rubbed off his apothegm, but so long as ideologists of collectivism like Mr. Melvin exist, he cannot be quoted too often: "Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely." Acton meant that it corrupts not only its holders but the entire society where it is exercised in centralized form. He knew what the founders of this republic had taught him, that only the division of power (not that laughable concept "democratic" control over holders of massive power) can tame power and leave men free.

Mr. Melvin presents us with the statist prescription for tyranny characteristic of the ideology of the twentieth century in all its manifestations, from the brutality of Communism and Nazism to the insidious seductivity of European social democracy and American welfarism. He does it, what is more, under the guise of an attack on ideology. No ideologist he, just pragmatic, down-to-earth, as offended as you or I by the posturings of revolutionary students.

It would be a neat trick, except that in his eagerness to prove that he is not motivated by ideology—only by the way things are—he introduces a second ideological myth dear to the twentieth century: the myth of economic and social determinism. "The welfare society," so it appears, "just had to happen under the economics of surplus." It is predetermined by social and economic developments, and you'd better put up with it, or else. . .

"Conformity is necessity," says Mr. Melvin—or, as Hegel and Marx put it more elegantly, "Freedom is the recognition of necessity." This is the helpless surrender to material conditions that Marxism and quasi-Marxism have preached to us incessantly these hundred years or more.

BUT THE spirit of the West is a different spirit. It recognizes that, within broad limits, men can guide and shape society upon the foundations of principle and civilizational tradition. Of course the mode of such a society will differ in differing economic situations. They will be different today than they were in feudal federated Europe or in federated agrarian America—but they will be modes that free men from subservience to the state. And they will be modes that will restore motivation to those who produce and show initiative and provide for themselves and their families, lifting from them an ever increasing burden of taxation and regulation.

I do not argue against the spirit of charity by which men take care of the unfortunate among them, but Mr. Melvin's welfarism destroys charity as surely as it destroys freedom, seizing the surplus of the productive to build the rigid social structures of a bureaucracy, leaving men neither the material substance nor the motivation for charity. It is a pattern for a society as spiritually arid as it is politically tyrannical. □

Conservative Liberalism

HIRAM CATON

Liberalism, Ancient and Modern
By Leo Strauss

Basic Books, \$8.95

Getting acquainted with the thought of Leo Strauss is not especially easy for most readers. For one thing, Strauss presents his thought mainly in the form of commentaries on authors long since dead. This is a double jeopardy, for not only does he thereby disappoint the demand for originality—the real philosopher, we are assured, opens new vistas and brings fresh insights—but in addition his choice of ancient authors must, in the opinion of many, class his work as history of ideas at best, or nostalgic rummaging in archives at worst. Conservatives, who by and large do not simply share these opinions, if only because they are aware that the Bible is an ancient book, are nevertheless frequently ill-prepared by modern education to understand old writings even with the help of commentary. For all such persons, *Liberalism, Ancient and Modern* takes its place beside *What is Political Philosophy?* as the most appropriate introduction to Strauss' thought.

Strauss' originality consists not in innovation but in the recovery of something lost. Its importance is to be estimated from the fact that the thing lost is clarity about and comprehension of the fundamental moral, religious and philosophical opinion upon which the modern secular state and modern life are based. An instance of this forgetfulness is noted in the Preface, when Strauss explains the inadequacy of "liberal" and "conservative" as terms denoting opposites. The distinction was originally made with respect to the opposition of advocates of popular sovereignty and freedom of religion to the principles of throne and altar. Since American conservatives fully agree with liberals on this important question, one should rather say that what conservatives oppose is "progressivism." Strauss provisionally characterizes this opposition in terms of a single issue: the attitude of the two camps toward the idea of a world-state. Progressives in principle favor a "universal and homogeneous" society, not merely in deference to the threat of nuclear war, but because they regard it as the moral and rational completion of man's future, whereas conservatives in principle favor many particular societies. Consequently, conservatives oppose Communism both in its means and end, whereas progressives, disapproving only of the means, frequently find themselves joined by Communists in opposition to

conservatives on questions of national sovereignty (hence foreign policy), religion and so forth.

Having adumbrated the relation between conservatism and progressivism, Strauss classes them as species of modern liberalism as distinguished from ancient liberalism. The object of the book is to set forth this difference, with the intention, one might surmise, of showing conservatives and those progressives who will listen, that classical philosophy provides the only viable theoretical and moral basis for liberalism, ancient or modern. The book fittingly contains two types of essay that should ease the transition from modernity to antiquity. Six essays are about modern themes or conditions, written from the point of view of classical liberalism. These prepare the reader for the four essays devoted to commentary on pre-modern philosophers.

Strauss illustrates what is at stake in the issue between ancients and moderns through a discussion of education. Both historically and in the nature of things, education is flanked by philosophy and politics; from the character of a given education one can read the relationship that philosophy bears to politics, for in his capacity as teacher, the philosopher necessarily encounters non-philosophers. Modern education is universal education, which was first instituted in the United States. From the beginning,

the motives for it were clear. Unlike the sophisticated social scientists of today, our great-grandfathers thought that maintenance of a healthy democracy required an electorate both civic-minded and tolerably judicious. And they had learned from Locke and Adam Smith that the general welfare is best promoted by promoting the "mechanical arts" and agriculture. Thus the liberal arts, which in the West have up to now been the core of education, shared honors with technology.

TODAY THE RESULTS are painfully clear. Universal education turns out to be mass education—the acquisition of useful skills and "adjustment" to society rather than the attainment of intellectual and moral self-sufficiency that was always the goal of liberal education. The adjustment consists of a bland enlightenment designed to remove the basis of all religious and national differences for the sake of the homogeneity necessary for general toleration and cohesiveness. The substance of this enlightenment (which—one may count upon it—every college freshman will parrot) is that science justly claims universal assent, whereas all "values" are relative to individual choice.

In its effects this relativism is like a crippling disease. It renders students incapable of thinking about the great questions of life because they have been taught to believe that in this domain there is nothing to be known and all is choice. They are reduced to a kind of mindlessness that manifests itself in docile compliance or impulsive rebellion. And not only the students. The ravages of the disease are evident among the representatives of the liberal arts themselves—in the sterility of scholarship owing to an incapacity to discern what the questions are and in increasingly pronounced confusion about the nature and purpose of the liberal arts. →

A root of this disease comes to light if one reflects on the claim of the newly arisen social and behavioral sciences to be the only true custodians of the knowledge of man. This claim at once denies the liberal arts all intellectual dignity by, in effect, making them subservient to the new sciences. And what is the character of social scientific knowledge? It declares all questions about the "ought" to be unscientific and strives to transform all "common sense" questions into forms amenable to treatment by the techniques of the natural sciences.

PHILOSOPHY was traditionally thought to be the core and highest goal of liberal education. According to Strauss, the disintegration and transformation of the liberal arts into the social sciences is properly understood only by comprehending the reasons for the exhaustion of philosophy. Strauss finds these reasons in the fundamental revision that classical philosophy underwent around the seventeenth century, the revision that generated modern philosophy and, if Strauss is right, modern times.

Modern liberalism is the child of modern philosophy, and stands or falls with it. The essence of modern philosophy is the mastery of nature for the sake of liberating mankind from its bondage to nature. By what twists and turns this orientation brought about or abetted the political catastrophes, spiritual distress and intellectual confusion of our times Strauss limns in other works. Here he is content to establish the need for a return to meditation on the great books, and hence to classical philosophy, by forcefully pointing out the incapacity of the social sciences to deal with or even recognize the fundamental questions.

But precisely owing to the decay of liberal education, one cannot profitably return to the classics without a guide. Strauss' commentaries are intended to help re-establish the tradition of liberal education. The commentaries show that it is not possible to understand what pre-modern authors teach without taking account of how they communicate their teaching. The reason is that pre-modern authors practiced a certain reserve or restraint in the communication of their thought, or in other words, pre-modern authors did not believe in either the possibility or desirability of popular enlightenment. They believed that education is necessarily the preserve of the educable. To understand this moderation and its basis is to understand class-

ical liberalism and non-egalitarian social science.

Strauss very clearly states what he hopes "almost against hope" might come of his efforts: "Liberal education is the ladder by which we try to ascend from mass democracy to democracy as originally meant. Liberal education is the necessary endeavor to found an aristocracy within democratic mass society." □

The Bitter Woods

By John S. D. Eisenhower

Putnam, \$10.00

SUPREME COMMANDER OF A GRAND ALLIANCE

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

In this book, General Dwight D. Eisenhower's son makes a closely reasoned case in support of his father's command decisions in the European theater of war following the Allied breakout from the Normandy beachhead. To this reviewer's mind, the author's reasoning is fully persuasive. General Eisenhower's title to military renown rests on an achievement almost unique in modern history—the sustained and successful exercise of supreme command over the combined armies of a great-power alliance. In the past three hundred years, only one other great captain—the Duke of Marlborough during the War of the Spanish Succession—has equaled the Eisenhower performance as an allied commander-in-chief.

"The success of an alliance," observes Dr. Forrest Pogue in his U.S. Army history, *The Supreme Command*, "is to be judged . . . by the degree to

which the (allied) powers . . . while frankly working on a basis of self interest, manage to achieve the aim for which their forces were brought together. On that basis the Western Powers forged a unity seldom, if ever, achieved in the history of great alliances." The allied aim in the European campaign of 1944-45 was the destruction of the German military power in Western Europe, and the unity of effort and purpose with which that aim was pursued to a victorious conclusion was founded on the personal and military qualities of Dwight D. Eisenhower. To this basic fact his son bears proud and convincing witness.

The centerpiece of John Eisenhower's presentation is his detailed account of the Battle of the Ardennes (often called the Battle of the Bulge) in the winter of 1944-45. This was Hitler's final bid for victory, in which he committed his last battle-worthy reserves, perhaps following Clausewitz' advice that when no other hope remains, "the tension of forces should be concentrated in one desperate blow. . . . He who is hard pressed will regard the greatest daring as the greatest wisdom." Hitler hoped to repeat the success of his idol, Frederick II of Prussia, who managed to defeat his allied enemies one by one. The Anglo-American alliance, Hitler insisted, would fall apart if an overpowering blow could be struck at either ally. The Battle of the Ardennes was the gamble to which he pinned his only remaining hope of survival.

THE DETAILED ACCOUNT of the fighting in the "bitter woods" of the Ardennes which fills most of the pages of John Eisenhower's book is thoroughly researched and presented in a manner which enables the reader to realize the fragmentary character of the battle without losing his awareness of the relation of the scattered local combats to the main effort of German attack and American defense. The author has personally interviewed or corresponded with hundreds of participants, both American and German. His battle-story has drama and movement—step-by-step along with the developing command decisions by commanders at all levels. The effect of this sustained contrast between fighting units and higher direction is dramatic as well as instructive. How very greatly the tough fighting qualities of the American soldier and the initiative of junior commanders contributed to the defeat of the German offensive has to be read in



cumulative detail to be adequately understood.

Quite a little new light is thrown on some of the critical occurrences in Allied high command circles. Perhaps the most notable—and amusing—of these disclosures is the account of Field Marshal Montgomery's attempt to take over full command of both his own 21st Army Group and General Omar Bradley's 12th (U.S.) Army Group after General Eisenhower had given Monty temporary operational control of American units north of the German penetration. This power-grab so enraged Eisenhower that he was on the point of asking the Allied Combined Chiefs of Staff to choose between himself and Montgomery.

So strong was the spirit of unity, however, that Montgomery's own chief of staff, "Freddy" de Guingand, having vainly tried to dissuade Monty from demanding the enlarged authority, hastened by air to Eisenhower's headquarters and with the latter's chief of staff, Walter Bedell Smith, won a 24-hour delay in the sending of the message Eisenhower had already drafted to the Combined Chiefs. Monty was shaken by this prospect, and made haste to write Eisenhower a letter saying in effect that he didn't mean it and would be a good boy.

The Bitter Woods is John Eisenhower's first book. It is a most useful and readable effort, and should encourage its author—who has had unusual opportunities for observing great events—to try again. □

FICTION

The Innocent

By Richard E. Kim

Houghton, \$6.95

THE TOUGH AND THE TENDER

CHRISTOPHER NICHOLS

There are three things radically wrong with Richard E. Kim's second novel, *The Innocent*. First, it has the presumption to portray the South Korean military leaders of a coup d'état as decent, patriotic men battling terrible odds to save their country from corruption, chaos and the divisive terror of Communism from the North. Second, it

presents a subtly definitive picture of the confirmed liberal's emotional rather than truly moral orientation to life and dares to postulate the dangerous extremes to which such orientation can lead. Third, this novel seems to some minds an unpardonable departure from Mr. Kim's first novel about his war-torn country, which was warmly if not reverently received in all the right places, was a best-seller for over twenty weeks, and was translated into more than ten foreign languages.

THAT FIRST NOVEL, *The Martyred*, was assumed into the front page of the *New York Times*' Sunday book section with the tone of awed gratefulness usually reserved for something by Schlesinger or Galbraith. This time round, the *Times* has garrotted, clubbed, shot in the back of the head, drawn, quartered and pushed over a high cliff the second novel. A clear case of overkill. Both the Sunday and daily reviewers wrote as if they were high on Herblock's Ky-Thieu cartoons. High circulation pros, such as *Time* and *Newsweek*, have kept silent.

What kind of book has so incurred New York's displeasure? *The Innocent* presents a shattering battle of personalities wound around the murderous cross-currents and explosive intrigues of the Korean coup, and often moves along at the pace of a spy thriller. The antagonists are Major Lee, a young officer charged with planning the overthrow's logistics, and Colonel Min, the cool, decisive leader of the insurgents. Lee, who radiates moral rectitude and quivers with indignation at the bloody acts which are necessary, is a constant goad to the harried, slightly mysterious Min, who is trying to outmaneuver the corrupt civilian government, rival military contenders, terrorists from the North and the powerful American interests jockeying for clandestine control.

Lee is a quintessential cameo of the liberal personality, the man who knows, deep down, just how the world was meant to operate and who feels hurt, really wounded, when the world's events refuse to conform to his convictions. The characterization is no one-dimensional pasteboard indictment; many of Major Lee's protestations carry the keen edge to scar the heart of someone possessing a glimmer of humanitarian idealism. Against a panoramic plot that unmistakably bears the mark of authenticity, an intriguing spiritual conflict emerges from the blitzkrieg narrative. It is the moving story of a deeply sensitive

and decent man—Colonel Min—caught not in a current of history but in a moral crisis in which action, often brutally blunt action, is required. It is the story of a man destroying himself for a higher ideal. "Perhaps the evil in man can be destroyed only by the evil in man, who knows?" he muses to Lee. On a simpler plane, he exclaims: "We have waited and waited for someone in the nation to stand up and shout for reforms and revolutions—to sweep out the ancient, the antiquated, the anachronistic, the corrupted. But no one came. . . . So we had to act!"

AND YET THE TENSION, the tragic insight of the novel, is in the fact that Min needs and wants the finely-honed incrimination of the young moral chauvinist's constant needling—as if in deep spiritual understanding he is programming his own earthly punishment. The blood on Min's hands burns him like a consuming flame, we discover, but he suffers in his cause without whining. In short, a basic Christian theme animates this book. But it is also shot with secular insights, the most damaging among them being that when it comes to action, to the bloody crunch, the Major Lees of the world are paralyzed. They have no gut for real sacrifice but must retreat behind the bulwark of an incapacitating "morality," self-serving and supremely secular. They do not know what to do, but only what not to do when the screws tighten. This is the shattering lesson, born out of Min's eventual sacrifice, that Major Lee finally comes to understand and accept.

I slight what is Mr. Kim's fine fictional technique at the expense of citing what is spiritually uncommon in his novel. *The Innocent*, coming at a time when the public imperative is to bring those recalcitrant yellow bastards around in South Vietnam, was a natural for silence or attack in New York's literary echelons. It is a disturbing essay on the Asian mind and spirit, especially when one might be seduced into believing that perhaps South Vietnam's leaders are endeavoring not to be just what Uncle Ho's minions call them—puppets.

There is one more sin attributable to Mr. Kim. A native Korean refugee from the North, he was there when all this was going on. Officer in an ROK intelligence unit, aide to a highly placed general, a supporter and friend of the current South Korean President, Mr. Kim's credentials are, in the right places, damning. As the *Times*' Sunday

man observed of the novel's spiritual considerations: "What any of this has to do with the existential condition of the Korean military is, however, a very dubious question." I think that what Truman Capote once called "the New York literary Mafia" has been purposively responsive to these considerations. Fortunately, tougher torpedoes than the *Times'* bushwhackers will be needed to execute the contract that seems to be out on Mr. Kim's vivid, timely and courageous rendering of his native land's ordeals. □

War, Peace, and the Presidency

By Henry Paolucci

McGraw-Hill, \$6.95

THE NATION-STATE FOUNDATION OF CIVILIZATION

JEFFREY HART

It's not often that you come across a book that really makes a change, something not quantitative but qualitative. Most of the books you read are *good* books; you have a nose for the bad ones, and you avoid them; and so you almost always learn something from your own book of the day or the week. But Henry Paolucci's book is something else. It did not merely provide me with this or that insight, or with one or another bit of information. It provided *qualitative* news—a perspective, a way of seeing the relations among seemingly disparate events, and of perceiving their larger meaning and tendency. The result, for me at least, was an increase in understanding.

It is not at all an easy or predictable book. And this is one of the formal characteristics of its originality. Books that really do see something often tend to be weak on organization or uncertain of direction as the thought moves forward. Even the title, for example, is oddly misleading. I expected another discourse on the powers of the Presidency, some sort of conservative reading of the Constitution, a discussion of the President's power in warmaking and peacemaking—and all the rest of that kind of thing: perhaps a conservative reconsideration of the Presidency, an argument, going over the same ground,

with Richard Neustadt's *Presidential Power*, the big political book of 1960, a how-to-do-it for JFK.

But this book is nothing of the sort. Rather, it is a compelling historical and theoretical re-examination of the idea of the nation. Paolucci is a philosophical nationalist: he is not an imperialist of nationalism—he is for American nationalism but he is for other nationalisms as well. He regards the nation as a *normal* political entity, and he conducts his argument against those—very much more numerous and authoritative than I had ever supposed—who regard the nation as an anachronism, and look forward to an imminent parliament or directorate of Mankind, to world government.

PAOLUCCI CONSIDERS that, in the light of history, the continued existence of nations, independent sovereignties, centers of power protecting their national interests through balance-of-power politics, is the best guarantee available for the protection of the values of civility. Much of the power of his analysis is historical. He notices that world government in its nearest approximations—the Roman empire, the various Asiatic empires—resulted in a vast stagnation, and in a stultification of decent liberties. He argues that national existence is a key difference between the West and the oriental night: "What has instead characterized the West, as contrasted with the East, has been the gradual working out of a way of preserving peace with freedom, for all peoples, through the balance of power of a pluri-state system of national sovereignty."

It seems to me that this is an enormously interesting thesis. There can be no doubt that the rise of the modern nation at the end of the so-called Middle Ages produced enormous gains in the civil order. Some have reasoned by analogy that a further generalization of sovereignty would produce still further gains. Paolucci argues that, historically, this has not in fact been the result. He presents a good deal of evidence; yet here would be an area for relevant historical study. What, in fact, did happen when nations were subjected to supra-national rule? As of the moment, I am quite persuaded by Paolucci's examples. It may be an entertainable hypothesis that the nation is the fundamental political entity.

In addition to its historical compo-

nent, Paolucci's book has a theoretical aspect: What would the blueprint of a supra-national government *have to be like*? For of course the benevolent possibilities of any prospect are not the only ones to be considered. What most of the advocates of international as against national sovereignty have in mind is safety from atomic attack: give the bombs to some other than national authority, they say. But, as Paolucci argues, and, in my opinion, convincingly argues, any viable world government would necessarily be a tyranny.

There are many schemes for an international sovereignty, but one that has official status happens to be a proposal tendered by the State Department's Arms Control and Disarmament Agency for submission to the eighteen-nation Disarmament Conference in Geneva in 1962. It was called *Blueprint for the Peace Race*.

It is no good, really, taking this document at face value; no doubt there was a good deal of Machiavellian calculation behind it. It would no doubt discomfit the Russians. Yet in the internationalists' proposals, which have official status and wide support in our political culture, the tyrannical potential is unmistakable. The American *Blueprint* specifies that the separate nations would retain only such coercive power as would be required "to maintain internal order and protect the security of citizens." But what is meant by "internal order" is left unexplained. How large a police force, say, would be required to maintain "internal order" in China? A police force or army composed, perhaps, of half the country.

IS IT REALLY, conceivably, possible to separate internal from international conflicts? No, in fact, it is not. Even if the international authority were given a monopoly of nuclear weapons, it would, to "keep the peace," have to involve itself in domestic conflicts. In his own reflections on world government, Albert Einstein, no lover of freedom, noted in 1947 that a world authority would have to take a hand in economic matters, since these often lead to conflict, and that it would have to interfere in potential conflict situations, such as in Spain and Argentina, to produce the pre-conditions of "peace." You begin to see what is meant by peace and by freedom.

Still, is this sort of thing a serious question—that is, a serious possibility?

I must confess that I had never thought that it was. It had always seemed to me that talk of world government or international sovereignty merely embodied the dislocated religious emotions of Protestant universalism. Those speeches about world government—they were Sunday rhetoric. Nobody cared, and nobody operated on such assumptions. You hear about it all the time from the League of Women Voters, and from the United Nations Association, but does it amount to a hill of beans?

Paolucci argues that it does, and that in fact we are at a crossroads. In odd ways, both America and Russia are not quite nations. Both were born in revolution, and both now are *odd* in comparison with a traditional Western nation. We have sometimes acted like a nation, but sometimes as if our mission were to dissolve nations. The same ambiguity, the same national-universal tension, exists in Soviet behavior. In both countries there is a national and a "world government" faction—though, of course, the world-governments envisioned differ. As far as policy-making is concerned, Paolucci contends, we continue to be ambivalent. Is our goal national survival, literally *national* survival, or is our goal the withering away of national sovereignty and the emergence of world government? Paolucci shows that our foreign policy positions must be profoundly affected by the answer to this question. Our *behavior* in Vietnam, for example, directed by a *national* liberal President, has been designed to maintain "the equilibrium of world power." That is, by defending

the "equilibrium," our policy defends, ultimately, our national sovereignty.

But if, instead, our goal is supranational, such maintenance of equilibrium need not have the highest priority. Inspiring "trust" in the "apprehensive" Russians and Chinese might be more important—so that, in time, they might succumb to what W. W. Rostow calls—immortal phrase—the "great act of persuasion." And renounce their national sovereignties.

PAOLUCCI'S STRUCTURING of the issue as national-international provides a great deal of illumination. It sheds light, for example, on the political meaning of the anti-national manifestations within our own country, and within others. Most of the liberal-radical manifestations are calculated insults to the feeling of the nation—calculated insults, calculated attacks, on *nations* as such.

But still, and seriously, isn't world government nonsense, State Department *Blueprint* to the contrary notwithstanding? Nonsense it may be, but powerful advocates it has, and the disturbing part of Paolucci's book is this demonstration. W. W. Rostow, for example, envisages the withering away of the nation; so did Adlai Stevenson; so, for example, do James P. Warburg, James MacGregor Burns, William C. Foster. Some of Sen. Fulbright's utterances, apparently not very widely known, are startling.

I think that Henry Paolucci has called attention to an enormously interesting theoretical and practical issue: Is the nation the optimal unit for the preservation of civilized values? And to

what extent does the negative answer to that question influence American policy-making? □

The Fifteenth Century: The Prospect of Europe

By Margaret Aston

Harcourt, \$5.50

CENTURY OF TRANSITION

PETER P. WITONSKI

There are few periods in European history more dramatic and intriguing than the fifteenth century. It was a time of furious innovation and discovery, novelty and grandeur. It was also a time of reaction and pessimism, Turkish expansion in the East, the devastation of plague in the West. The impetuous musings and sublime eroticism of Marsilio Ficino, Pico della Mirandola, and Sandro Botticelli found dour opposition in the apocalyptic preaching of Fra Girolamo Savonarola; and, under the spell of Savonarola's inspired rhetoric, Ficino renounced the Hermetic aspects of his philosophy and embraced the priesthood, Pico retreated to the monastery of San Marco (where he died at the age of thirty), and Botticelli burned many of his best paintings. The millenarian aspirations of the Lollards, Hussites and Wycliffites provided a vivid contrast to the worldly urbanity of the Platonic Academy, where the Ciceronian humanities reigned supreme and where Leon Baptista Alberti declared that "men can do all things if they will." In the end, however, pessimism seemed to triumph, and even the widely proclaimed "magnificence" of Lorenzo de' Medici is dulled when juxtaposed with the deathbed declaration in 1495 of John II of Portugal, perhaps Europe's most powerful ruler: "Do not call me Highness, for I am only a sack of earth and worms."

But the fifteenth century defies easy categorization, and the seeming triumph of pessimism in itself explains little. Since the publication of Jacob Burckhardt's seminal essay on *The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy* (1860) the historical profession has subjected the public to a near endless deluge of scholarly monographs and trite surveys which have succeeded only in confusing



matters by reducing the century to the catchword "Renaissance," thus paving the way for a series of equally tedious debates about the role of *rebirth* and *revivals* in history. Most contemporary scholars are unhappy with the word "Renaissance," but few would agree with the vehement judgment of the late Professor Lynn Thorndike, who wrote: "Religion may have its resurrections and revivals, but I have even less faith than Nicodemus in rebirths or restorations of whole periods of human history. . . . Legacies from the past? Yes. Inheritances from previous periods? Yes. Survivals? Yes. Resemblances to our forebears? Yes. Reformations? Perhaps. Reactions? Unfortunately. But no rebirths and no restorations!"

Professor Paul Oskar Kristeller has come up with perhaps the best definition: the Renaissance, he suggests, might best be defined as the historical period which saw itself as a time of rebirth in letters and learning, whether the reality conformed to this claim or not. The fifteenth century certainly falls into this category, but there is much more to the century than its own sense of being a time of rebirth. It was above all a time of transition: the transcendental world of the Middle Ages was beginning to give way to the secular world of modernity. The mimetic naturalism of Alberti and Brunelleschi was slowly but surely supplanting the idealism of the High Gothic period and the superficial realism of the fourteenth-century International School. In a philosopher like Nicholas Cusanus the scholasticism of St. Thomas Aquinas, several centuries of German mysticism, and the humanism of the University of Padua mingled freely with the metaphysics of the Platonic revival and the adumbrations of experimental science.

A SERIES OF SUBTLE developments were transforming the relationship between the individual and the cosmos (to borrow a phrase from the late Ernst Cassirer). The publication of Cusanus' *De Docta Ignorantia* spelled the beginning of the end for the walled-in cosmos of the Middle Ages. The astronomical and mathematical studies of Peurbach and Regiomontanus were preparing the way for Copernicus. The barriers which had held men to the *oikoumene*—the known or inhabited world of Greek geography—broke down as brave Portuguese explorers sailed into the hitherto impregnable Sea of Darkness. By the century's end a new world had been discovered,

and the incomplete and often inaccurate world pictures of Ptolemy and Strabo, along with the vaguely teleological *orbis terrarum* of Jerome and Orosius, were discarded in favor of the world of modern geography. For the first time men saw their planet as it was.

The enthusiasm with which contemporaries greeted these developments cannot be overstated. Writing in the dedication of his *De Abditis Rerum Causis*, only a few years after the century's close, the Frenchman Jean Fernel wrote:

This age of ours sees art and science gloriously re-risen, after twelve centuries of swoon. Art and science now equal their ancient splendor, or surpass it. This age need not, in any respect, despise itself, and sigh for the ancients. . . . Philosophy excels in every branch. Once again music, geometry, the handicrafts, painting, architecture, sculpture, and many other kinds of skill display themselves in such measure as in no way to fall short of antiquity. . . . Our age today is doing things of which antiquity did not dream. Antiquity held Demetrius high for his engines of war, but today we have petards which hurl a flaming bomb. Good God, how swift and destructive compared to the old catapult! How efficient today is the printing-press for the diffusion of all kinds of learning. . . . Hence letters today reach their high-water mark. The ocean has been crossed by the prowess of our navigators, and new islands found. The far recesses of India lie revealed. The continent of the West, the so-called New World, unknown to our forefathers, has in great part become known. In all this, and in what pertains to astronomy, Plato, Aristotle, and the old philosophers made progress, and Ptolemy added a great deal more. Yet, were one of them to return today, he would find geography changed past recognition, a new globe given us by the navigators and scientists of our time.

Jean Fernel's enthusiasm, along with his tendency to exaggerate, provides an excellent example of the new spirit that was beginning to sweep across Europe. It also provides us with a pretty fair idea of how and where the concept of the Renaissance originated.

The Fifteenth Century: The Prospect of Europe, by Mrs. Margaret Aston of the Folger Shakespeare Library, is an excellent, often highly perceptive, introduction to this complex century. Published under the aegis of the Library of European Civilization, which is responsible for an excellent series of books by such eminent scholars as Hugh Trevor-Roper, A. J. P. Taylor,

J. L. Talmon, and J. P. Nettl, Mrs. Aston's book is packed with the kind of information that cannot help but interest the general reader. Like the rest of the books in this series it is sumptuously illustrated, largely in color, and relies heavily on primary source materials.

Mrs. Aston's central theme is the emergence of Europe as an entity during the fifteenth century. By 1500, she rightly points out, Europe existed. This could not be said of the world in 1400, when the idea of Christendom was still more important than the idea of Europe. Mrs. Aston painstakingly traces this theme through the various aspects of this complex century in such a way as to make it more real. She propounds no new theory or synthesis about the century, but she does cover most of the important details and much of the current scholarship on the period. Like most Renaissance historians, she underestimates the medieval influence on her period, but this is my only serious criticism of an otherwise excellent introduction. □

THEATER

EPISODE AND FRAMED PICTURE

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

The time was bound to come. The Pope has become a comic strip hero. And like any good comic strip hero, the place he can be found is not in the Sunday funnies, but, like *Superman* and *Charlie Brown*, on stage—in this case, in Peter Luke's *Hadrian VII*.

Everything is episode and framed picture: the Pope receives a jar of pickled onions; the Pope makes a fat cardinal walk with him halfway across Rome; the Pope renounces temporal sovereignty. The constant is the Pope, the caricature hero, present in every incident, except the vignettes in which his enemies scheme to get him.

Peter Luke has given us the best parts of the novel by Frederick William Rolfe, the sometime Baron Corvo. He has put Rolfe in the play as a voyeur whose titillation comes from envisioning himself as Pope. And as Rolfe scribbles away in his room on his novel *Hadrian VII*, he looks for all the world like a cartoonist at work on a drawing board. Maybe he is. His walls sport

garish religious murals, and one of his roles is that of the Islington Rafael.

Lavish, incense-filled, scarlet-robed scenes are held together, like every good comic strip, by a dynamic central figure. The make-believe Pope, played by Alec McCowen, carries the audience along by sheer visual fascination. Mr. McCowen exhibits more postures and profiles in *Hadrian VII* than most actors do in fifty years of false noses and dancing classes. Being a brilliant comic actor, McCowen makes the audience think it is seeing a profound play, a think-piece with a moral. No such thing.

HADRIAN VII is a frustrated and even nasty man's dream of being Pope-for-a-Day. The "real" Rolfe, down and out and rejected for the priesthood and debt-ridden, finds in a dream of the Church release from his immediate misery. From out of his despair and isolation he creates and lives out a sort of Pontific Vision. Even in the scenes set in Rolfe's rooming house, the comic strip structure dominates. Like Mickey Mouse or Captain Marvel or even the anti-hero Andy Capp, Rolfe-Hadrian is the one constant in a world of flux, but he must respond to challenge to maintain his position. Batman has his Joker, Andy Capp has his rent collector, and Hadrian has his Jeremiah Sant. Grotesque behind his handle-bar mustache and stage-Irish accent, Sant not only cuckoo-like ousts Rolfe from his rooms, but even invades the dream to kill Hadrian. *Mutatis mutandis*.

A fine comic strip indeed, for three reasons. Peter Dews directs the play with a shrewd visual imagination. Something is always happening, the focus is always changing, we are always waiting to see what the next episode looks like. Kaleidoscopic. A Church of color and caption.

Corvo's *bons mots* survive mostly intact, themselves almost enough to carry a play, or a comic strip. *Hadrian VII* is a novel of incident, and some of the best incidents that make it up remain in Luke's play. Finally, there is McCowen's acting, beyond praise, a pristine performance in this or any year. McCowen's Hadrian prances and smirks his way through the action as if he were house proud at the Vatican. As for the Papal throne, he tells his former charwoman, "it comes with the job." The comment comes with just the right tone of self-indulgence.

What does McCowen's mangy Rolfe think about when he is day-dreaming?

Well, he thinks about having every punch-line timed with just a second's forced anticipation. The last block of every strip is beautifully illustrated. As in the funnies, the hero tends to excess as he becomes engrossed in his fantasy.



Rolfe-Hadrian becomes virtually omnipotent. Hadrian can do anything, even give away the Vatican treasure, though with *Hadrian* and the awful *Shoes of the Fisherman* coming at the same time, the Vatican treasure is being dissipated at an alarming 200 per cent rate. And wouldn't you know, in this ecumenical age, he gives it away, among other things, to help the Protestants in Spain.

Hadrian accomplishes so much radical transformation of the Church, in fact, you have the feeling that at any moment he's going to reverse the birth control edict. But, no, Luke has shown restraint. Hadrian's indulgences are safe indulgences. (Even his pickup of a young seminary student passes as the hiring of a secretary.) The SuperPope even avoids levitation, leaving that, in the order of things, to the Flying Nun.

LIKE THE GREAT cartoon heroes, Hadrian has some grip on our humanity. The reasons are fairly clear. McCowen plays Rolfe and Hadrian against type. As Rolfe he is in motion, his torso re-

peatedly wrenched in anger, a manneristic counterpoint to his drab environment. As Hadrian, the body remains relatively still, throwing the weight of the drama on the hundred subtle variations of the countenance. Around the Pope swirl the gesticulating and articulate cardinals. Hadrian stays still, operates by understatement, an understatement that comes from complete confidence in his own authority. He may be the first Pope not to pontificate.

The classic repose of the general outline lets us remember the detail, the cigarette he sometimes smokes in his Papal robes, or the granny glasses that sit tightly on his nose. And we remember just Hadrian, not the others, a man in a chair, alone. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

OF DIAMONDS AND DIPLOMATS, by Letitia Baldrige (Houghton, \$6.95). It's subtitled "An Autobiography of a Happy Life." A Happy Life, indeed. No one, but no one, who is normal is expected to live a happy life today, but then no one is expected to be normal because normality has become well, not-normal. Well, Tish Baldrige is normal. And she's happy. She was, is and will always be happy because she has, is and will continue to lead a productive, fruitful and gratifying life. She's the successful career girl. Vassar, then a series of glamor jobs as social secretary to Evangeline Bruce in Paris, to Clare Boothe Luce in Rome, to Jacqueline Kennedy (a Vassar classmate) in the White House. A stint in CIA, first woman executive at Tiffany's, and now her own public relations firm. Tish has a good eye, a good memory, a way of capturing a scene, a situation, a personality with a marvelous economy of words. She laughs at herself and is unfailingly kind about the very important people she has associated with in the past twenty years. Want to know the real story about Mrs. Luce and the arsenic? How Jack Kennedy acted towards a handful of spastic children? What happened when Tish misplaced a \$12,000 Tiffany brooch? How you go about organizing a Mount Vernon dinner-dance for Ayub Khan? What Joe Kennedy said to Tish when he thought she was allowing people to gate-crash one of *his* parties? Why liquor is now served at formal White House occasions? What happens when the First Lady arrives in India with gifts made from verboten cowhide? What to do when merchant princes (and any Italian) get out of hand? Tish Baldrige will tell you. This is what *Valley of the Dolls* was not about, the story of a bigger than life (Tish is over six feet tall) woman who made it
(Continues on page 191)



MORE NOTES FROM ENGLAND

RESPECTABILITY. Every now and then, the British manage to make the unmentionable mentionable. Take Enoch Powell, a decent man with an undeserved reputation for wanting to be nasty to the coloreds. What he has done, and more power to him, is to make people sit up and listen to the Conservatives, which they haven't done for years, largely thanks to the Conservatives themselves. It's nonsense to say that Mr. Powell has stirred up race hatred. He is merely expressing what most Englishmen probably think, yet what no politician has had the courage to say, much less contemplate measures for. I think he should be praised.

Another man I admire is Danny La Rue, a female impersonator who is very dear to the heart of London. So much so that he is the star of a pantomime called *Queen Passionella and the Sleeping Beauty*. Now, pantomimes are Christmastime *divertissements* for the kiddies, whose birthright it is to be taken to one every year—kiddies of every class. Pantomimes aren't genteel, what with knobby knees and striped-drawers jokes made by the Principal Dame, a male comedian (all in the best eighteenth-century music hall tradition), and beautiful scares with witches, villains and other horrors made more tingling by modern stage effects. But still, a man in drag? Well, Mr. La Rue's *Queen Passionella* turns out to be one of the great, glamorous, gorgeous beauties of stage and screen, with irresistible allure added to a ravishing face and physique, and with nary a strange, titillating fancy to feed those hungry for such. His innumerable wigs and his gowns, lavish beyond imagination in silk or velvet, tight to a delectable figure and with slashed and fanned and hobbled skirts for intricate dancing, dazzle in the grand old manner, the manner of true stardom. Mr. La Rue is radiantly lovely and lovable as he gets the kiddies on the stage for a sing-along with him. Since he never makes any attempt to disguise his deep

voice, you know he is a man, one who chooses to act in feminine dress because it makes him look good, and with a wife and kiddies in the suburbs. No wonder his pantomime is the success of the season. I am told, however, that Mr. La Rue performs somewhat differently in his nightclub, and that his TV show would have curdled the blood of America. Ah well.

TV. The bliss of British TV is great, both the BBC and the commercial stations. Think of watching a movie without a single interruption, and not cut down to fit commercial time! Think of discussion shows where people really say what they mean, in ordinary, not TV, language! Think of a country that allows an unkind but extremely funny musical spoof of the Prime Minister, Mr. Wilson, to appear on nationwide TV! *Mrs. Wilson's Diary* this opus is called, and it ran in a London theater with great success. I saw the TV version and couldn't stop laughing, whereas *MacBird!* depressed and disgusted me.

Movies. All British movies have ratings for suitability, and they are rigidly enforced. This is wonderful for parents and grandmothers (like me) who can say truthfully to their young that they will not be allowed into the sex comedy or murder horror they want to see.

SKIRT LENGTHS. It seems to me that in America mini-skirts, when they are really short-short ones, are an expression of social discontent limited to students and young ladies who think they are intellectuals. Not so in England. You see them in the most working-class of working-class towns, like Middlesbrough or Bradford, on the lasses who work in the plants and live with their mums and dads in a very conservative manner.

The English countryside. What's so unlike America is that in English industrial districts you can find enclaves of pure, unspoiled countryside. A

friend of mine works for Imperial Chemical Industries in Runcorn, which is one gigantic factory complex that runs right into industrial Liverpool. Yet he lives fifteen miles away in an idyllic village, country church and all, in a lovely valley rimmed by wooden hills—behind which is more industrial country.

ENGLISH FOOD. It is really extraordinary how it has improved, and not only in London. For less than a pound, about \$2.50, you get a full-course dinner in an excellent English country inn, and nicely served to boot. It's best to eat the traditional dishes, of course. In London, the surprises are restaurants with amusing food, which is very good. Robert Carrier's, in Islington, is such a place, and an elegant one. Mr. Carrier, an American boy who has done well in London first as the Food Editor of the *Sunday Times* and then branching out into cookbooks, cooking cards (with recipes), kitchenware stuff at Harrods (and in New York at Macy's) that is outstanding and not expensive, and finally a restaurant. I had brandade of trout, mussels cooked like snails, the best veal jardinière of my life and a marvelous lemon syllabub. Price of the meal was around \$7.00, expensive for London. Another amusing restaurant is Nick's Diner in Chelsea, dark and pop and in about the same price range. The Armenian yoghurt soup and the paté were heavenly, and so was the traditional boiled mutton with caper sauce. There are other places of this kind where the cooking is first class, imaginative and non-classical. Yet similar places in New York are the most abysmal flops and too horrid for words in food, décor, staff and service—I think of such nasties as L'Orangerie, where the waiter told me I was ignorant for not liking a dish of uncooked fish, and Proof of the Pudding, with gin in the fruit soup and waiters who must have glued their pants on their poor spindly legs. □

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (FEBRUARY 11)

[JULES] DUBOIS:
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SPARROW

(cont. from p. 179)

acknowledges no personal relationship and for whom it takes no responsibility outside the lecture room, and leaves discipline to the operation of the law. (In Essex the other day three young students, having drunk two bottles of whisky, stripped and brutally attacked a young girl; convicted of criminal assault, they pleaded "the pressure of exams" and were taken back by the University. That is a good example of a non-collegiate university in action.) On the other hand is the collegiate university, which interests itself in the whole being and welfare of its junior members, encourages human relations between them and their seniors, counts mutual trust and loyalty as academic virtues, asks for a decent standard of behavior from its students and treats disruptive activity as an academic offense. The students who complain of being treated as impersonal objects, mere "degree-fodder," and at the same time resent "paternalism" on the part of their seniors, are having it both ways. They want the indulgence accorded to a member of a family without any family responsibilities. "Can't we discuss this as human beings?" asked a senior member in a "provincial university" the other day, having reached an impasse in argument with a student leader. "I am not interested in you as a human being," was the cold reply. It will be a sad day when such an exchange takes place between an Oxford tutor and his pupil.

What is the lesson, then, that Oxford—"and when I say Oxford, I mean Cambridge"—should learn from what has happened? First, it must not abandon or compromise the character of a collegiate university, interested in the whole range of its students' lives, and not merely in training them for a degree; second, it should make use of its collegiate machinery to maintain a channel for mutual understanding between teachers and taught; finally, when faced with force the authorities should not hesitate, after due warning, to hit back hard; calling in the police where necessary, and in appropriate cases expelling rather than rustivating serious offenders; plenty of substitutes will be found who will put their grants to better use. For such firmness the dons will find, not least among the undergraduates themselves, a volume of support that will surprise them. □

LETTERS

(cont. from p. 155)

pear to be beyond reproach. It can only be hoped that Commander Bucher will be completely exonerated, that those truly responsible for the entire incident will be held accountable, and that a re-assessment of the existing Code of Conduct will be immediately forthcoming.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
New York, N.Y.

The Masaryk 'Mystery'

Your May 7 1968 issue carried an item from *Rude Pravo* about the possibility that Soviet agents were responsible for the murder of Masaryk. You noted too a *Der Spiegel* story a long time ago with similar speculation. With censorship now being reimposed obviously the Czech inquiry has come to an end. The *New York Times* considers the case "still a mystery" and *Newsweek* a "puzzle." It is neither: see the remarkable book by G. Paloczi-Horvath, *The Undefeated* (p. 198)—"The 'suicide' of Masaryk might for instance be a mystery to the outside world. Inside Czech prisons, convicts even know the names of the two SP thugs who threw him out of the window."

Grosse Pointe, Mich. ROBERT ANDERSEN

From the Underground

Everyone connected with Fort Hill and with *American Avatar* was pleased to have an article appear about us in NATIONAL REVIEW. We were disappointed, however, by a few factual errors in Mr. Dolan's article of December 3, several not so serious, but two which were very serious. The first was naming Ed Beardsley editor. This was most likely not Mr. Dolan's error, but Mr. Beardsley's. He had an awful habit of taking on such authority and then misrepresenting us, of reducing our refined feelings to an off-hand cheapness, as he did in the first quotation in the article. We don't just "dig" America, we ARE America, we are its heart and soul, its "compassionate conscience." And what we are makes demands upon us which are so great that there is no room for little Ed Beardsleys who want to be editors, who want to reduce America to the hot dog stand of their understanding. There is no room here for anyone who wants anything for himself alone.

The second serious error was also Mr. Beardsley's: "Pot is our only sacrament." Such a statement would not have been made by anyone living on Fort Hill, because it's foolish and legally dangerous, it's certainly not part of our message, and finally, because it's just not true.

WAYNE HANSEN
Roxbury, Mass. *American Avatar*

Well, good, but what happened to Beardsley?
—ED.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

(cont. from p. 187)

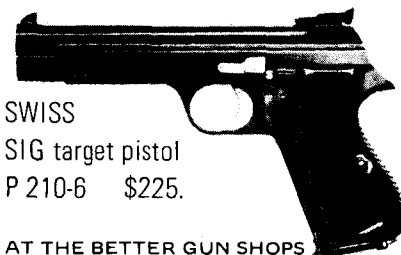
without ever making a single soul she met on the way up feel smaller for having known her. The privilege is all ours.

P. L. BUCKLEY

THE SLEEP OF REASON, by C. P. SNOW (*Scribner's*, \$6.95). For one who is neither a reader of novels in general nor a devotee of Lord Snow in particular, reading this book is rather a peculiar experience. Nothing much seems to happen—the advertised murder of an eight-year-old boy by two Lesbians being for the most part a kind of *machina ex diabolio* for the introduction of a problem of loyalties—or if it does happen, it was (except for the murdering) going to happen sometime anyway: the plot is a peg on which to hang discussions. On the other hand, there is about the problems and discussions an air of having been resolved long ago, in the 1930s perhaps; no moral choices remain to be made, certainly not by the narrator's generation. Yet the book is, curiously enough, pleasant reading, as autumn—whatever storms may disfigure it—is a pleasant time. Doubtless it is a tribute to Lord Snow that he can carry the reader, apparently effortlessly, over almost 500 pages of semi-narrative reflections on the passage of time and other subjects, even when the reader sometimes doubts, as I do, that all liberals and radicals, fellow travelers and unbelievers, are political good guys. Yet I must acknowledge that those who hold conservative views when they are unpopular should have sympathy (if not politically) for those who held liberal views when they were unpopular, assuming they were, and this particular blemish—if that is what it is—bothers me less than the fact that this book, since I have come late to Snow's *Strangers and Brothers* series, gives me the faint impression that I am overhearing, and only half understanding, an interesting but allusive conversation not intended for me.

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A Valiant Effort at Compromise

On The Right

New York, Feb. 10—The reigning confusion in New York City on the school decentralization issue has had the interesting effect (such often is the case) of increasing the dogmatic pitch of the contenders. Like the Israeli-Arab confrontation, the worse it gets, the more each side claims exclusive virtue, exclusive historical justification, absolute morality. So confused has it become that New York intellectuals were treated a few weeks ago to the not altogether unfamiliar spectacle of one chronic cause-finder, Mr. Dwight Macdonald, publicly changing his mind, and adopting a position exactly contrary to the position he had publicly proclaimed during September. He did this in an open letter to Mr. Michael Harrington, the chairman of the Socialist Party of America, and co-founder with Mr. Macdonald, according to his account, of poverty in America.

At first Mr. Macdonald attributed the intransigence of Mr. Albert Shanker and the United Federation of Teachers to the adamant defense of the civil liberties of teachers. Now he believes the whole thing is a plot against self-governing Negro schools, and that Mr. Shanker has merely been seeking the consolidation of the power of his union.

Non-New Yorkers cannot appreciate the fratricidal nature of this dispute unless they envision a quarrel over cough drops between the Smith Brothers. As so often happens when people leave one side to take another, they can no longer understand the logic or the morality of the side they were so vigorously espousing only moments before.

Along came the New York Board of Education, to recommend certain mollifying procedures, the purpose of which was to save the idea of decentralization on the one hand, and on the other to protect the rights of the teachers. Essentially the Board's recommendations reduce to gradualism. Let the teacher cling to his right to stay in a particular school, but let the local district have the power to confer tenure upon such teachers as it selects to teach in that district. The idea is to give the local unit the right gradually to ease out those among the elders who are unpalatable to it for whatever reason. Rather like the ancient compromise in tight industry-labor situations where management agrees not to fire any worker displaced by

automation, but is not required to hire a replacement when the worker resigns or retires.

It is a valiant effort at compromise, and no doubt cities throughout the country which are anticipating the kind of troubles New York has had will carefully scrutinize the architecture of the compromise. Schematically, it appears to make sense. In human terms, it is not likely to please either side. Not the teachers who cling to their rights to continue to teach in the same district, for so obvious a reason as that they can be made acutely uncomfortable without resort to the expedient of forcibly transferring them. An analogy would be a conservative on the social science faculty of a major university. And on the other hand, the local administrators will not be satisfied with the glacial schedule. They are very much in a hurry, fascinated by the idea of great and far-reaching reforms, which they desire to implement instantly. Such jacobinical hunger for instant-reform may not be prudent: but it exists, and to gainsay it takes more than a stretch of reasoning by central boards of education.

AS SO OFTEN is the case, it is a pity that the more obvious solutions do not suggest themselves. For instance the old conservative alternative, of encouraging the growth of private schools by a system which would remit to the parents municipal vouchers exchangeable for education at the school of the parents' choice. There are difficulties in a transition to this system of individuated education, but it is already clear that such difficulties could not exceed those that have caused the present paralysis. The beauty of it is that such a system would instantly accommodate those who are primarily dissatisfied. Because they would have almost instant recourse to schools of their own devising.

As it now stands, the militants on either side cannot win the right except as they dominate the opposite side. This way, both sides could win. If only the Students for a Democratic Society, or CORE, or somebody, had dreamed up the idea of private schools, no doubt it would have been hailed as the perfect social solution for uptight cities. Alas, they are a legacy of libertarian conservatism, and must be ritually denounced, so that the city should

not be interrupted in its smoldering. □

NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT

New York, Feb. 6—It has been remarked about Richard Nixon that he has made the effort, having been elected President, to embrace dissident political factions by honeyed ecumenicisms. He has earned a short season's tranquility—Mr. Tom Wicker, for instance, couldn't find the grounds to criticize Mr. Nixon's first press conference; but he will, he will; never underestimate the will power of ideology. I am myself experienced in the difficulties faced by Mr. Nixon, *mutatis mutandis*. I am not aware that I have made such overtures as the President has made to gentlemen of the Left to come-on-over to my tent, folks. But the disconcerting thing about many of the lefties is that they consider themselves to have been courted even by gentlemen who are barely aware of their existence—a form of narcissism, no doubt, which is a very useful affliction in some people, particularly in those who if they did not love themselves, would eliminate the entire potential field.

For instance? Well, for instance Mr. Jack Newfield. STOP. Have you ever heard of him? I mean—other than you curators of the ideological zoos? Well, Mr. Newfield thinks you have: thus he writes matter-of-factly in a recent book review, "Everyone knew I was a personal friend of Robert Kennedy's." "Everyone" being, so far as I can figure it, everyone except everyone who didn't know that Jack Newfield was a friend of Robert Kennedy, indeed, who Jack Newfield was or, for that matter, is. Well, I know who Jack Newfield is, and indeed I even recognize him on sight, because he approached me on an airplane one time last spring and chit-chatted with me for quite a couple of minutes, about this and that. And that very evening, at Nashville, Tennessee, espying me in the lobby of the hotel, he introduced me to Mr. Tom Hayden, who is the founder, sort of, of the Students for a Democratic Society. Mr. Hayden greeted me about as Commander Bucher would greet the prime minister of North Korea if he happened on him at a hotel at Nashville, Tennessee; leaving Mr. Newfield, who is advancing upon middle age, transparently terrified at having emulated such decadent

middle-class values as civility; leaving him, in a word, positively upright.

So Mr. Newfield looked for an opportunity to affirm the fidelity of his vows to incivility; and has now done so by proclaiming his personal immunity from my blandishments—which if he proved it, would gain him that immortality he is otherwise unlikely to earn. “Wm. F. Buckley” he announces in print, drawling obviously over the sainted syllable, taking the same pleasure experienced by the jacobinical court that sent the king to the guillotine, “has always been the favorite right-winger among literary radicals. His social friendships with Murray Kempton, Dwight Macdonald and Norman Mailer, have been well publicized. Buckley, in fact, has seemed to covet and thrive on these relationships: they give him . . . social respectability.”

Now, I have enormous admiration for the gentlemen in question, and it is true that I have from time to time met socially with them, at which meetings we have discussed everything on earth save possibly Mr. Jack Newfield. But concerning social respectability, I am certain that no three people on earth would more quickly agree with me than the gentlemen in question on the proposition that did I covet it, I would perhaps begin by avoiding, rather than soliciting, their company. I last broke bread with Mr. Mailer in 1964, with Mr. Macdonald in 1960, with Mr. Kempton in 1967. I should be happy to share breakfast with them tomorrow morning. But it can hardly be suggested that anything I covet that ardently, I should pursue that indolently. Except by Mr. Newfield, who everybody knows was a friend of Bobby Kennedy.

THEN THERE is Mr. “Jimmy” Breslin, who has announced in his syndicated column that I “head” his “list” of people he will not “nod to” during 1969. It is good that he published this declaration, else his proscription might have gone unnoticed, inasmuch as any actuary will give you a thousand to one that I would not in the course of a typical year find myself so situated as to give Mr. Breslin the opportunity to deny me his regal nod. “He thinks he’s such a big shot,” writes Mr. B. “In August in Miami Beach he went into a meeting—and at the end he said that anybody who had Jimmy Breslin hanging around him deserved a drink.” Ah so. What I said, commenting on that morning’s column by Mr. Breslin reporting that John Wayne had traveled directly from the podium of the Republican Convention to the bar at the nearest hotel, was that so would I have done if I had had Mr. Breslin following me. I thought this, at the time, to be an exercise in rhetorical moderation, inasmuch as, when looking for a bar and in the company of Mr. Breslin, one hardly needs to search out an adjacent hotel.

Well, well. Mr. Nixon will not find

it adequate, coveting social respectability, to seek out Mr. Newfield; and he must not, after a bout with Mr. Breslin, seek out the narcotic relief of the White House bar. But these are among the many trials of Mr. Nixon, as everyone knows; everyone, at least, who knows who Mr. Newfield is; and then some. □

THOUGHTS ON THE DECEASE OF MR. DULLES

Mr. Allen Dulles was under relentless attack as the symbol of James Bond diplomacy, so gruesomely inappropriate, it is held, to the realities of modern politics, to such higher sophistication as makes heroes out of traitors, gods out of Kim Philby and the Rosenbergs. *Ramparts* Magazine—it would be heartening to refer to the late *Ramparts*, except that it will no doubt be succeeded by something worse, the human imagination being capable nowadays of even that—made such reputation as it fleetingly had from exposing that the CIA under Mr. Dulles had done such outrageous things as subsidize *Encounter* Magazine in London, the National Students Association in the United States, and a training program at a Middlewestern university for area specialists headed for service in the CIA.



New York, Feb. 14—During the last years of his life

For all of this, obloquy for Mr. Dulles. I do believe that he’d have been better treated in his late years by some of the press if it had transpired that he had been in collusion with the Communists, in pursuit of détente.

All of this left Mr. Dulles on the defensive, and the general clamor subdued a criticism of his strategy which sounds faintly perverse, but which is naggingly relevant now that we have, once again, a Republican Administration with critical decisions to make concerning such issues as faced Mr. Dulles. True, there were those who make the whole right-centered criticism of Mr. Dulles awkward by such surrealism as that Mr. Dulles was a Communist agent (yes, that is among the contributions of Mr. Robert Welch). But the sane voices from the Right wondered not that Mr. Dulles was involved in subsidizing social-political movements and journals around the globe, but that he selected for patronage the left-minded organizations, on the assumption that only people who occupy a position contiguous to that of the people you worry about, are likely to be effective. Thus in Italy you deal with the Social Democrats in preference to the Christian Democrats.

The analogies abound. You deal with

liberal Republicans in America, in order to try to satisfy Democrats. Rockefeller yes, Goldwater no. When time comes to send around subsidies, you send them around to journals of opinion like the *New Leader*, not to those like the *NATIONAL REVIEW*. I know one person who did service in Mexico for the CIA who happens to believe profoundly that what would most benefit the Mexican people would be a stiff dose of capitalism, so as to free the poor from the sclerosis of years of super-government. He found himself a dozen years ago serving as a paymaster, with a wad of money in an envelope destined for an organization whose principal slogan was “Ni Comunismo, Ni Capitalismo,” that is to say: neither Communism nor Capitalism—leaving: well, leaving what Mexico has got.

THE REASONING, as I say, is psychologically obvious. The mischief of it lay in the hesitation of Mr. Dulles and his superiors to adopt radical strategy, radical strategy being the defense of conservative institutions and ideas on the altogether reassuring assumption that they would result in radical relief for the wretched of this world. Shortly before he died, Henry Luce thought to formulate a similar position in addressing the National Council of Churches: Look (he intended to say) if you are genuinely concerned with the starving peoples of the world, which you no doubt are, are you not obliged to investigate the apparent corollary between agricultural plenty and the free marketplace, as also agricultural privation and socialism? In other words, could you not, even in the name of Christianity, bring yourself to say a good word for capitalism?

During the Dulles years, conservatives starved to death. Precisely those people who reasoned that you could not deal with the Soviet Union, that the politics of détente were doomed to suffer such deaths as Dubcek suffered last summer. It was a period during which the resoluteness of our anti-Communism was never in doubt, but a period during which the enemy gained vast continents, established themselves in power, developed their hydrogen bombs and missiles, and continued to hold us at missile-point.

It seems mean to observe at this point that Mr. Dulles should have been spared the criticisms of the Left, so as to expose himself to the criticisms of the Right. Let it be recorded, at least, that he sought to maneuver with the *Realpolitik* of the postwar era, and that although he may have made bad strategic miscalculations, he was made to suffer at the hands of the wrong people. Because even if he did not know how finally to cope with the enemy, he knew at least who the enemy was, and that, these days, is practically a virtuoso performance. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

- DEFINITIONS**
- A. One of our presidents
- B. Dutch mathematician, physicist, and astronomer (1629-95)
- C. One of our presidents
- D. To win a battle
- E. Any of several American plants having yellow (or pinkish-white) flowers
- F. Excessive, especially extremely so
- G. A demagogue
- H. A sentence that is an exclamation, a general or striking comment, or a succinct summary of what has previously been said
- I. A great American president (1901-1909)
- J. Without breath (German)
- K. One of Henry VII's grandfathers
- L. Position once filled by Grover Cleveland
- M. Radiant

- WORDS**
- 35 51 82 214 103
- 21 190 119 222 108 141 173
- 32 6 63 72 84 111 209 20 49 52
- 56 41 1 135 92 189 64 208
- 68 12 96 110 136 142 151 160 107 117
168 193 207 215
- 79 133 109 5 206 210 175 116 85
- 90 33 44 128 212 217 14 27 39 55
62 77
- 105 125 148 154 179 211 57 76 172 219
- 4 9 11 17 24 48 53 67 74
- 120 123 149 112 216 158 45 196 223
- 127 23 124 185 46 66 93 101 137
- 140 2 37 42 78 144 121 132 152 192
31 86 159 163
- 145 69 97 102 129 113 138 182 176

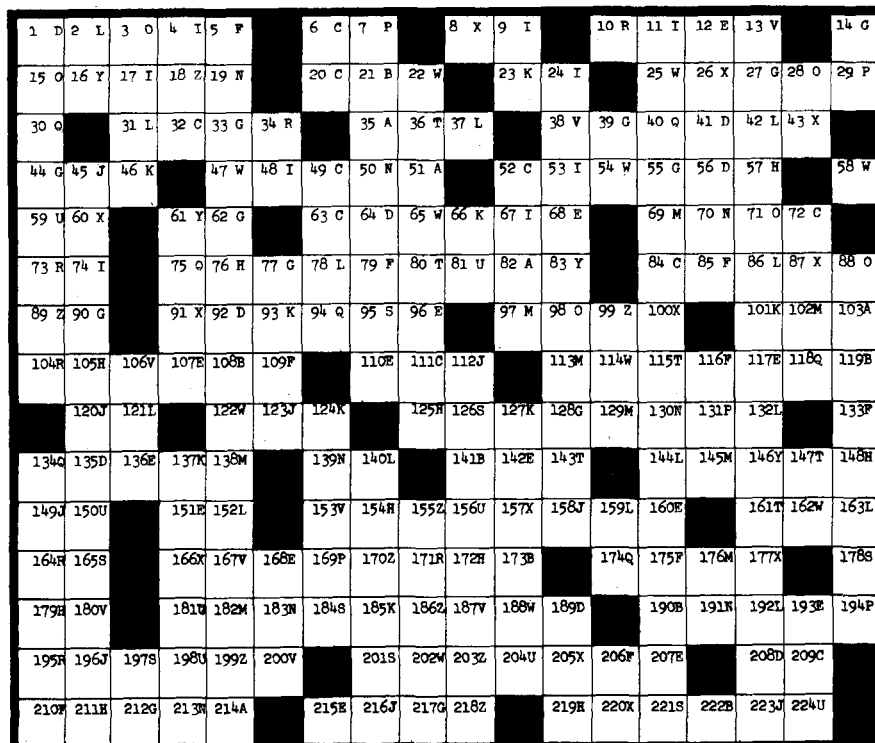
- DEFINITIONS**
- N. One of our presidents
- O. A card game
- P. What trees and people have
- Q. Wreathed
- R. The right to enter
- S. A form of jade
- T. One of our presidents
- U. These are necessary to a football game
- V. One of our presidents
- W. Not safe for an ocean voyage
- X. An instrument for magnifying the sounds of the heart beat
- Y. Gone
- Z. A confection

- WORDS**
- 213 70 191 183 139 50 130 19
- 3 28 71 88 98 15
- 29 194 131 169 7
- 40 174 94 75 118 134 30
- 73 195 10 34 171 104 164
- 95 165 201 197 126 221 178 184
- 115 143 161 36 80 147
- 181 204 156 198 150 59 224 81
- 200 153 167 38 187 180 106 13
- 202 188 25 47 54 58 65 114 122 162
22
- 220 26 60 87 91 100 157 166 177 205
8 43
- 16 61 146 83
- 170 89 218 18 199 186 203 99 155

See page 190 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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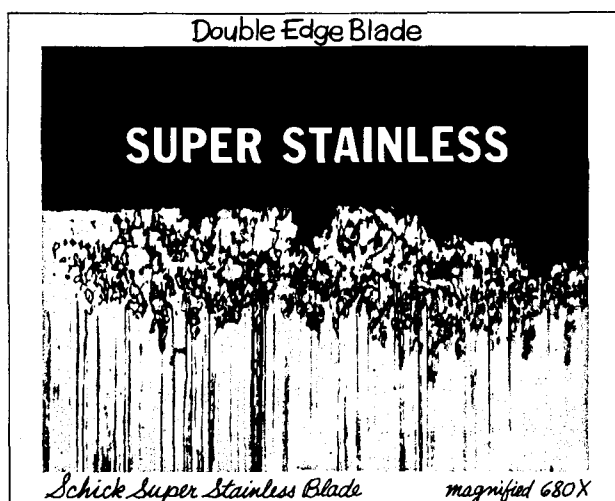
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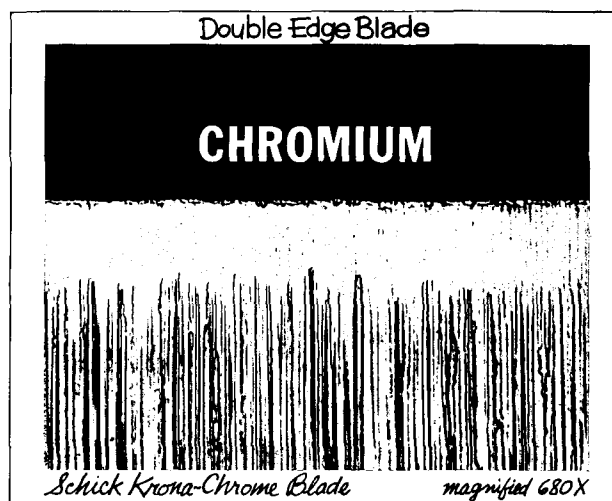
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